

THE GRAIL

23-2



One Man's Family
European Adventure
God's Picks and Shovels
In A New Dress
When You Visit



JUNE-1941

The Grail

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THE GRAIL

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One Man's Family

An Open Letter to Shut-ins

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

IF YOU ever come to Evansville, Indiana, and meet a little man with a build like a German band conductor, and a smile that not even the blast of Gabriel's trumpet can change, you will understand the spirit of his two young daughters, Bettye and Dorothy, whose mortal remains lie in God's acre and whose immortal souls are singing eternal Hosannas in heaven.

Nothing ever stops Carl Bettag, not even the angel of death, who visited his family three times in three years. "When things look dark, I just say a 'Fadder Unser' and it begins to clear up." That's Carl Bettag.

Bettye, his eldest daughter, was the most popular and vivacious girl of the senior class of 1936-37. She was as good as she was lovely, and no girl of the class of 1937 at Reitz Memorial High School in white cap and gown looked half so charming as she. But Bettye never used the cap and gown for graduation from high school.

Two weeks before the close of the term, Bettye joined her mother and younger sister, Dorothy, at Boehne Camp Sanatorium for tuberculosis. Only a slight lesion, but she was ordered to bed. There was to be no graduation for Bettye, not the lovely graduation that a girl envisions—walking up the auditorium aisle in white cap and gown in step with *Pomp and Circumstance*. Her graduation was to be a sterner kind. There were to be caps and gowns a plenty, but the white caps and gowns of nurses and doc-

tors at Boehne hospital. Now all of one man's family were in the sanatorium but Carl and his baby, Patsy.

In July of that year one man's family lost wife and mother. Adele Bettag was gone to a better land I know, where there are no deadly diseases, and no heartaches at the moment of parting. Carl settled down to become Mother and Dad to his girls. The spirit of Adele was never far away.

During the next year or two a familiar car cruised out West Franklin Avenue, and shot down the old New Harmony Road to Boehne Camp. The driver seldom lost his smile of welcome when you passed him. If he did feel dark he prayed a "Fadder Unser" under his breath. He was going to see his girls.

Carl could have been blind-folded and hog-tied, and still have driven out to Boehne Camp with the accuracy of a homing pigeon. Even his car knew which way to turn when it started out West Franklin. It was Boehne-Camp bound, and Carl was playing Mother and Dad to his girls.

Sometimes, Patsy, his baby girl of nine years old, was with him. It is against the rules of the hospital to admit children visitors under sixteen. Pat had to talk to her big sisters through the sun porch window, or carry on her conversation from the hospital yard while her sisters smiled down on her from their room. I wish I had a picture of the times Pat stood looking up to the second floor like a miniature feminine Romeo while Bettye and



Dot beamed down on her like pajama-clad Juliets.

If you have never visited a sanatorium for tuberculosis you are in for a gentle surprise. You will come there looking for men and women wasted away and emaciated, and you will be cheerfully disappointed. As a rule the patients in the beds of a tuberculosis sanatorium look healthier than their visitors. They look more rested; there is a deceptive plumpness of the body, and a glow on the face that bespeaks perfect health; yet while you wonder why such fine specimens of manhood and womanhood must lie abed for so many months, the germs of the world's most deadly disease may be slowly eating away the tender vital lung or throat tissue. These smiling men and women seem to glow with health, and often they are marked for an early death.

It was ten o'clock on the morning of August twenty-third. I was writing a letter, and in the middle of a sentence the phone rang insistently. Abandoning the half-completed sentence, I dashed to the desk. "St. Benedict's Rectory," I said out of force of polite habit. The next minute my letter was forgotten. The message was from Boehne Camp: "Is this Father Sullivan?" "Yes, this is Father Sullivan speaking," I answered with the slightest catch in my throat. The switch-board operator at Boehne Camp was speaking again: "Please come to Boehne Camp at once. It's Bettye Bettag. She just had a severe hemorrhage. She's very bad. You'll have to hurry, Father. We have placed a call for Father Wilberding at Sacred Heart Rectory, but we can't reach him."

"Can she still receive Communion, that is, can she swallow? Or is she unconscious?" I asked with a beating heart. "No, she cannot swallow. She is out cold; and her pulse is almost gone," replied the operator.

I am constitutionally slow, but I changed into my street clothes, had the Holy Oils, and was getting the car out of the garage when Father Thomas called from the side door of the rectory. "Father Walter," he cried, "it's Boehne Hospital calling again." Leaving the engine running I hurried to the telephone: "Father Sullivan speaking," I said. The operator's message was as terse as it was grim:

"It's too late, Father Sullivan. Bettye Bettag just died. We reached Father Wilberding, and he is on his way here now. Goodbye, Father, and thank you."

Just like that. It's too late. Something choked up inside of me, and I went out to the kitchen to get a glass of water. One Man's Family had suffered its second casualty.

When I saw Carl Bettag the next day he was a little pale and tired, and the sparkle of his eyes was misted over, but he could no more keep back his brave smile than the sun can keep from shining. As I left his house with that new presence of death in it, I was saying to myself: Now I understand what one sentence in Holy Scripture means: "Whatever happens to the just man will not make him sad."

I went home afterward thinking what I would or could possibly say at the funeral that would comfort one man's family, and temper the cynicism of some of Carl's friends who were asking themselves why God should do a thing like this to a gorgeous girl who wanted to live, and a splendid man who was trying to be Dad and Mother to his girls.

People were thinking that the death of Bettye Bettag was just another example of how God nips young life in the bud before it has a chance to grow. They were saying cruel things about God taking life away from her just as she clutched for it to enjoy it.

How could I answer that silent unspoken challenge? It did seem a shame that a girl who had youth, beauty, and ambition, should be dead at twenty. Humanly speaking she had everything to live for, and nothing to die for. For three long years Bettye lay bed-fast like a wounded soldier praying and hoping for restored health, and a few thousand days more on earth. She hoped to see much of the loveliness of this earth which lay like a panorama beyond the end of her hospital bed. And what had God given her?

God gave Bettye loveliness which no eye on earth has ever seen, music which no ear has ever thrilled to, beauty which no created genius could ever capture. The tired little girl asked only for an extension of life on an earth crazy-quilted with pain and



sin, and God gave her all eternity, for it is always God's way to give more than we ask for.

Before I closed my eyes that night I knew that I had my sermon for Bettye Bettag.

During the next five months a familiar car made its West Franklin Avenue run, and a youngish man with a band-conductor's build, and a smile that never set, visited his daughter, Dorothy, at the Sanatorium.

The nurses and doctors got so that they looked forward to Carl Bettag's visit as much as Dorothy did. What Dorothy really thought of her Dad's visits we learn from the following entries in her diary.

Sunday, December 8th, 1940

Read my morning paper. Rested most of rest hour. Dad was out in the afternoon. Boy! Did he look spiffy! Had a new suit and overcoat. Bought Haines a coke. Aunt Frida came at three. Dad, Pat, and everyone was going to the Memorial Football banquet tonight. Dad is toastmaster. I'd give anything to hear him.

Monday, December 9th, 1940

Didn't feel so good today. Ran higher temp than usual. Got my morning *Courier* and read where the Booster's Club at Memorial presented Dad with a gold watch last night at the banquet. I cried—I was so happy for him.

Tuesday, December 10th, 1940

My throat doesn't feel so good today. Dad was out in the afternoon, and showed me his Hamilton watch. It sure is pretty. Like a fool I had to cry. I was so disgusted because my temp was higher. Dad said he wouldn't be out tonight. He had to go to Evansville College banquet. Sure missed him. Guess I'm just spoiled. My chauemoogra oil made me sick again.

In Dorothy's diary under date of Monday, December 16th, we find the following entry which throws light on a letter which she must have written about this time:

Monday, December 16th, 1940

Slept well last night. My throat feels so good today. It seems a pleasure to be able to drink my milk without any pain. . . . My thanks to the Blessed Virgin for making my throat feel better. Father Lynch is coming out to bring me Holy Communion.

Dorothy had fifteen days at home for Christmas

vacation. After she returned to the sanatorium I went out to see her the last Saturday in January. She had been changed to the hospital, and was barely able to whisper. Only one thing was unchanged about her; the little-girl smile was still brave and wistful. That was my last sight of her.

"You're not afraid, Dot?" I asked. "No, Father, not afraid. Why should I be?"

After my retreat at St. Meinrad's Abbey I went to Indianapolis. Monday evening, February 10th, I met Father Tim Sexton who had just come from Evansville.

"Mrs. Davis was buried this morning at St. Benedict's Church," he told me, "and tomorrow there is another funeral; a Dorothy Bettag is being buried. Know her?"

Know her? I forgot to answer him. I looked out the window at a motor bus which was just passing by. I saw its stream-

lined bulk go rolling down Rural street, shaking the windows. The lights of the bus danced crazily through a mist. I didn't say anything to Father Tim. Sometimes words are out of place.

The next morning at St. Philip Neri Church I said a Requiem Mass for Dorothy Bettag, a brave campaigner of suffering who had graduated from the school of pain into that realm where someday there will be a reunion of one man's family.

It was over a month later that I met Carl Bettag in the band room out at Memorial High School. There was a little droop in his shoulders, and he looked a little older, but like the sun shining through the clouds came that old smile of welcome.

"Got something here I want to show you, Father," he said. "I found it among Dorothy's things out at the san. It's a letter. Here, read it."

And without further preparation I began to read a letter that Dorothy Bettag must have written about December 16th. It is so exquisitely simple, and such a direct act of faith and love of Mary that I felt like an intruder who is permitted a brief glance into as brave and simple a soul as you will find in this war-rocked earth of ours. I handed it back to Carl without looking at him directly. And now with his permission, I hand it on to you.

*I know that there is your
intercession & I may be helped.
Please let me lead a good
life, always make good
confessions & communions
I feel I am in the same
state before I die. May I
go home to meet & return as
well as when I left & in
higher state of mind. I feel
happy & improved
along the way. Thank
you dear Mary.*

*Dear Mary,
I want to thank you
generously & abundantly for
making my throat feel so
much better & that I am
able to eat. So many times
I said I do not thank. But
this time I am really grateful.
I feel that God must have
as much pain & is patiently
please let me hear more
more patiently. Also thank
for letting my temp go down.
It is a great consolation to
know that my prayers are
answered. Sometimes I feel
guilty & unworthy of the many
graces I ask. But Mary I have
so much confidence in you*

BETWEEN THE LINES

with

H. C. McGinnis

Big Business and Labor in the Defense Program

AT THIS writing, a clamorous debate is raging about labor in the defense program. There are many who insist labor is betraying the country and that anyone who demands labor's rights is a Communist. There are others who feel that labor is entirely within its proper rights in demanding an adjustment in wages. The charges and counter-charges have been so contradictory that the average citizen is badly confused and perhaps apprehensive that our national defense may be seriously crippled by these controversies.

Comparatively few people have much definite information on the subject, their attitude being mostly that of their daily papers, often poor bases for a just decision, since most of them are definitely biased. Then again, some people have information on a purely localized struggle, usually another poor base for a broad and just conviction. Strike situations are so varied that one can prove almost anything he wants from them. There are some cases which are definitely sabotage, while others are so just that only inhumanity decries them. However, the situation has now progressed far enough for one to get a fairly clear picture and such a picture is very necessary—for this is no time for either capital or labor to profit at the expense of the common good.

There has been much agitation to outlaw strikes, some even advo-



cating labor's conscription at Army pay. This is silly. Our whole defense program is aimed at defending and protecting democracy, not destroying it. The right to strike when injustices exist is a recognized

democratic institution. Big Industry demanded that right when the defense program commenced and staged a stubborn sit-down strike until it received various protective government guarantees. In some phases of its strike, Big Business was entirely justified, for it was asked to expand its capacities beyond any ordinary use at a great expense. However, Big Business went much farther; it acted very mulish about starting defense work until guaranteed a higher profit. Many people have nearly forgotten this early Big Business strike, a strike which retarded defense preparations as much, and perhaps a great deal more, than present labor strikes are doing.

Big Business—and most especially a very, very few certain corporations—are dining sumptuously these days on defense order profits and labor is justly entitled to its share of the increased gains made possible through its toil. Big Business is undeniably doing its part in getting out defense materials as quickly as possible; but then, production is not unpleasant when dollars are pouring in like Niagara Falls.

THE billions being spent on defense raise another argument for wage adjustments. These vast expenditures have to be met through greatly increased taxes and labor will be required to stand alongside Big Business in shouldering this burden. The employers can well afford heavier taxation, for their

greatly increased profits justify it; but unless labor can secure now its rightful share of this heavy government spending, its members will be severely hit when they are further taxed to help meet defense bills—and much heavier taxation, even for those in the lower brackets, is definitely at hand.

Although many members of Big Business and their paid propagandists would have everybody believe every strike is an attempt at sabotage, this is definitely not so. Labor, as a whole, is intensely patriotic, ready and anxious to do its full stint for national defense. This is especially true of the rank and file, although not always so true of labor's leaders. Unfortunately, in far too many cases, labor is being exploited by its own leaders as much as it was exploited by employers before the unions became strong. In some other cases, radicals with decidedly subversive intentions have wormed themselves into local control to sabotage the defense program and to destroy, if possible, our government itself. In many cases, labor needs a thorough house-cleaning among its leaders to eliminate unscrupulous racketeers and subversive elements. This house-cleaning should be done by the ranks of labor itself, despite frequent outside howls for government control of unions. While various government agencies should lend full support to the cleaning out of undesirables from labor's leadership, it should never be permitted to take over control of unions, as some insist. To do so would create a condition no more desirable than Hitlerism or Fascism. Labor must be free to work out its own destiny but, unfortunately, it often takes too much for granted concerning the integrity and unselfishness of its leaders.

STRIKES AND DEFENSE

IT IS unquestionably true a few recent strikes have been for sabotage and creating disunity. These cases have been so well discussed

in daily papers there is no need for discussing them here. Yet, in other cases, labor has generally been extremely reluctant to strike and has offered every possible opportunity for mediation. In some cases, workers have proved their loyalty to national defense, even though compelled to strike for rights which could be otherwise gained. The recent Vanadium Steel strike is such an example. Here the plant was manufacturing important parts for assembly at other plants. When the strike began, a quantity of finished material was in the plant awaiting shipment. When the government explained the necessity of getting it out, the pickets not only permitted it to pass their lines but cheerfully pitched in and helped load it. When the material was gone, the pickets grimly went back to their job of securing what was due them.

In some places, men employed in important defense industries are receiving as little as \$12 a week for full time work and often, due to crowded conditions near the plants, have to travel as much as 20 miles to work. This entails heavy transportation expenses and it is difficult to see how these men can possibly maintain their families, let alone raise them according to American standards. If their employers were accepting contracts calling for practically no profit, these conditions could rightfully be expected as a defense contribution; but when it is known the employers are faring extremely well, it is then only right and just that workers get their fair share, being duly entitled to strike if refused. After all, we aren't at war; and American standards need not be sacrificed just because we are making munitions for Britain. In some locations, houses are not available at all, the newly hired workers being compelled to live in auto trailers. Here another gouging takes place, for often as high as \$30 a month rent is charged for merely the insignificant space occupied by a trailer. Since the worker has no control over these

prices and has to accept what is offered, his wages should be adjusted accordingly to prevent great personal sacrifices not required by present conditions—or at least some off-setting arrangements should be made.

UNWARRANTED STRIKES

STRIKES, in many cases, are the only remedy after honest attempts at mediation have failed. To outlaw the strike in justifiable instances would be to create a totalitarian State, the very thing we are fighting. However, there is one type of strike that is inexcusable and that is the jurisdictional strike.

Several strikes have been called by the A.F. of L. or the C.I.O. because a member of the opposing union was hired in the plant. This should not be permitted, for such strikes rarely, if ever, advance the interests of the strikers, being simply a struggle for selfish power between higher-ups. After all, a union man is not a scab; he is a fellow worker, no matter to what union he belongs. The public has a full right to get hot under the collar when defense activities are held up because of jurisdictional strikes, for their very purpose is unjustifiable; and the American people, aroused to national dangers, are not in a mood for petty bickerings over matters mostly inconsequential. Unfortunately for the workers in general, there are too many so-called leaders in labor who earn juicy salaries by traveling from district to district, meddling into affairs which need no adjustment; frequently calling of jurisdictional strikes when no question of wages or hours is involved, means nothing but loss of pay for the strikers. If labor wants continued public support, it must understand once and for all that the American people are not interested in the selfish and often cruel actions of labor leaders who are causing strikes and discord only to advance their own political or labor careers. The American public will always stand behind

labor when its demands are right and just, but it gets downright disgusted when workmen strike and then have to live on public charity because they insist that a fellow American who wears a union badge dissimilar to their own is unfit to work with them. This is not the American spirit of fairness which labor demands for itself in public decisions.

All in all, the present high pressured publicity given to strikes and labor disputes is all out of proportion to the dangers involved. At the time of this writing, less than 10 strikes are in progress and most of those well on the road to settlement. Statistics show that since the beginning of the defense program, less than 1 out of every 250 workers has been on strike—less than ¼%—and this percentage, considering increased employment and changing conditions, is much less than in more normal times. So where's the fire? Although much of the press is ringing with editorials and featured write-ups designed to have public opinion and Congressional action high-pressure labor into taking whatever is offered, these screaming words were nowhere heard when

Big Business went on its strike. That is one reason why the Administration has let labor questions take their course, for it knows that what is sauce for the goose is also a good dish for the gander.

DON'T BLAME LABOR

THOUSANDS of employers have proved their patriotism by pitching into defense work energetically and then dividing willingly their increased profits with their workers. But there is still in existence part of that old crowd of Wall Street wolves who want all the gravy poured into their own dishes. This crowd is still trying to create a war fever among the people who still insist upon being 85% against war, but are now using a certain number of their paid propagandists to put screws onto labor if possible leaving the profits of our enormous public spending to go into the pockets of a select few instead of into the pockets of the masses who must ultimately pay the bills. But even though many skilled editorial writers and public figures are al-

ways available for any cause if approached with heavy folding money, the American public must educate itself into being too smart to fall for propaganda of any kind whatsoever.

A poll of those members of Big Business who are trying to strangle labor would show them to be a decided minority, so only the wolves and sharks should be blamed. On the other hand, labor must not fall prey to such of its leaders who have subversive ambitions, born of orders from Moscow; it must not rob its members' families of time and wages lost because of jurisdictional scraps among selfish and unscrupulous leaders; it must clean its own house of racketeers and human-bloodsuckers. When labor has done this and the Big Business pirates have been set back on their heels, America will move ahead in democracy while preparing to defend democracy and we, as a people, can feel justly proud of both our industry and our labor. In the meantime, unless the situation gets very much worse than it is right now, we can discount a great deal of what we read about the few strikes existing or about to exist.

Free Expression---A Democratic Essential

ALTHOUGH signs indicate this nation is taking progressive steps toward getting actively into the war, an overwhelming percentage of citizens still favor nothing more than material aid. However, war drum beaters will soon have their way unless Americans utilize their full democratic privileges. Many who are definitely against active participation and who were voicing their opinions quite frankly a while back are now becoming apathetic, evidently believing their expressions against the government's possibly going too far may



create national disunity. This would be true were a national decision for full participation already made; but

right now, the national decision, based upon majority decision, is that we must not fight unless our democratic security here in America is actually in danger. Incidentally, American ideals do not include the protection of commercial enterprises in China, the East Indies, Africa, or a commercial imperialism in Latin America. But while certain war-minded groups beat the tomtoms more and more violently, trying to create the illusion of majority opinion, the great majority of Americans who still see no advan-

tage in our becoming entangled in Europe's constant quarrels are becoming quieter and quieter; feeling, no doubt, it is their patriotic duty not to raise their voices in protest. This idea is pure, unadulterated bunk: in this country, all true and proper national decisions come from all the people, not from a few individuals alone. It is only majority public opinion, fully expressed, that shows our various administrations the justness of their course or the errors of their ways.

That this freedom of expression is a national principle is clearly proved by President Roosevelt's keen appreciation of a free press in a functioning democracy. Recently the President wrote to a convention of newspaper editors his stand on the matter of free expression and showed clearly he does not resent the individual's expressing his views, even though they may criticize administration actions. The President said: Free speech is in undisputed possession of publishers and editors, of reporters and of Washington correspondents; still in possession of magazines; of motion pictures and of radio; still in possession of all means of intelligence, comment and criticism. So far as I am concerned, it will remain there, for that is where it belongs.... It is important that it should remain there, for suppression of opinion and censorship of news are among the moral weapons that dictatorships direct against their own peoples and against the world."

Truer words were never spoken, for there will be no use fighting to protect a democracy when it has ceased to be one. Despite the warmongers' clamorous efforts to convince us that we have already decided in favor of war, the fact remains that we have made no such decision and, so far as majority will is concerned, are still millions of miles away from it. So it behooves those who are in favor of keeping America's boys at home to make their ideas heard in no uncertain terms, or else lose a grave and costly decision to a small minority who

haven't anything to lose but something to gain by this nation's fighting. In a democracy such as ours, it is not unpatriotic or disloyal to voice an opinion before a final decision is made; rather it is the very essence of patriotism. Disloyalty

lies in obstructing the carrying-out of a decision legitimately made. It is not good democracy to be inarticulate when dangers threaten, but expressions must be based upon the common good and not upon selfish motives.

The Morale Was High

(A Letter to Father Raymond Rien, O.S.B.)

The writer of the following letter, Father S., is a chaplain in the Australian Army. We were brigaded together in Egypt in the first World War, and we met again in France. He has been in many battles and knows the intimate story of each great victory and each great defeat.

Dear Father:

No doubt you will be surprised at getting a letter from me, if you get this one, but as I am sitting in your old room in Hospital K, my thoughts go back to the joys and sorrows we shared when the first B.E.F. tried to enter Sulva Bay. I am sending this to your Buffalo address. A young Captain in the R. A. F., promises to drop it off at Lisbon. My reason for being in Egypt ahead of the others is that I broke my right arm and was placed on the first ship out.

Old Man, this was not another Dunkerque. We saved our field pieces or sunk them, so they could not even be used as junk. But our casualty is 48%. All the Anzacs arrived safely here, save seven [presumably the writer meant seven "ships" or "companies" or "battalions."] The morale was high.

Sister Mac, a head nurse, is keeping a diary and told me to tell you that she is making a copy for you. Colonel F's outfit was entirely wiped out. His son was killed the first day under fire. I, of course, will be the one to break the news to Mrs. F.

The food was fairly good, rather irregular at times. The retreat was more orderly than accounts say of Belgium and the B.E.F. at Dunkerque. The shelling was heavy. Our paths were not blocked by civilians, as was the case there. We had the right of way. The artillery did not run over the infantry.

The Greek soldiers were "done up"—no shoes, poor clothes, and "bachee food" from the B.E.F. or Anzacs.

My brother's family was completely wiped out by a bomb in London last September. Captain C won the Victoria Cross but lost both legs. Such is war. I need not go into details of horror. You have seen all that.

Of course every battle has its unsung heroes. Ours was a heroine this time—a little Greek Nursing Sister, formerly of Cleveland, Ohio. Is that near Buffalo? Well, she sang hymns, folksongs, and chanted litanies aboard ship as the wounded were being carried onto the boat. She deserves all the decorations governments can pass out. But I presume her actions will be recorded only in heaven. And after all, Old Man, this is where it really counts.

There is no need of giving my Army address. Just send any letters to the friary in Edinburgh; they will forward it on—for I know you will write. Do not send any money; such as it is I have plenty of everything—but you might send some "Yankee fags."

If God wills it, I shall be in Scotland soon; then I can write at length. Fraternally yours in Christ,
N.N.



THIS CUP PRESENTED TO—

Frances Denham

MARLOW Gray alighted from the silvery streak of train that had brought her back home to Enid. She knew her Uncle Lee would have wanted to be at the station to welcome her—but he liked surprises. She'd been away at school one term—and she had not even come home for her vacation at Christmas time because Uncle Lee had insisted that she visit her room mate who had invited her to her own home in New York.

Enid looked small and forlorn. She knew that a gentle concealing mantilla of velvety dusk hid much of its ugliness.

She hurried down Main Street. Peg Leg Haynes was limping along

behind the push cart in which he carried the mail from the train to the Post Office. She stopped just a moment—she wanted to hurry to Uncle Lee. There was a tight feeling in her throat when she saw the two-story brick building that housed the bank. The windows, lettered black and gold, gave assurance to the farmers and merchants and every one else that the bank was just as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar—and Gibraltar's likeness reared itself into being in the same black and gold realism. Above the bank was Uncle Lee's office. There was a light in the office. It was after eight but Marlow knew that some one would be in there—she

shrugged—of course some one would be there to get good advice—for nothing.

The vacation with Elaine Hiatt had opened her eyes. Elaine's father was a counsellor too, but his office was mahogany loveliness, deep napped blue carpets, venetian blinds and silver loving cups for golf and horses. Elaine's father was a success—Uncle Lee was just as brilliant—Marlow knew that—he was more so—but Uncle Lee was in a comfortable rut—he lacked ambition—he was a failure. Marlow knew that now, when she compared him with Mr. Hiatt. Perhaps it was not too late to pull Uncle Lee out of it. She could try. She could



it was the picture of General Robert E. Lee, and on the other wall was Uncle Lee's diploma. The carpet was a little more threadbare, but in the corners the red roses were still quite bright. The door to Uncle Lee's private office was closed; a light beamed through. Marlow heard voices—a woman was talking; Uncle Lee answered once in a while. Then she heard the knob turn—the woman was getting ready to leave. Marlow sank farther into the worn leather settee in the corner. When this visitor had left she would go into that private office.

"Mister Gray—I—" Marlow knew that there were tears in the woman's eyes for they were getting into her voice; "I can't pay you anything right now—but..."

Marlow looked up to see Uncle Lee put a gentle hand on stooped thin shoulders. "Now, Now, Mrs. Spurling—how you talk, won't it be pay for me when that grandson of yours grows up to be a fine citizen? You know one of these days you and I are not going to be able to do much but boss—we can always do that—eh, Mrs. Spurling?" He took the knotty trembling hand of Mrs. Spurling in his.

"Mister Gary, my grandson will grow up to be a good man. I know he will now, for you see he's always kinda held you up as an ideal and now that you arranged to have him paroled to you—he'll keep out of trouble just to make you glad that you stood by him and me."

Marlow knew quite well that thoughts can not be harnessed and that there is no way of explaining why one's thought should automatically run to something, but her thoughts fled back to the elegant office with its silver trophies, and somehow the way the little woman was standing there, thin, with silvery tears but happy eyes shining with new courage was rather like a trophy in Uncle Lee's office.

Soon Marlow was in Uncle Lee's arms. He wanted to know about school, what she did, what she liked best. Marlow knew Uncle Lee's actions had been pretty well wrapped up in her wishes. When

he asked her what she liked best, she felt it was the time to tell him. She liked best the home of Elaine Hiatt and the success her father had made in the profession in which Uncle Lee had not! She felt like a traitor to entertain thoughts like those, but she had to face the facts and she had to face them without any mail armor of sentiment. Uncle Lee was smart; he could go to a city, could make money; he was simply wasting his talent in this poor unfertile field, and Marlow had to tell him. She began about Mr. Hiatt and his clientele. Uncle Lee smiled at first—then he dropped his head. She was about to soften when she saw that handsome white head drop. Then she reminded herself if she were as hard as nails now Uncle Lee would be everlastingly grateful to her later.

"Well Marlow, my dear, I think I'll have to sleep over all of that; what say we go to bed now and talk about it tomorrow?"

Marlow knew the corner stone had been laid for a brand new structure for Uncle Lee, on the façade of which would be inscribed *Success*.

Marlow could not believe that it was morning when she was awakened by voices. Some one must be making a midnight call on Uncle Lee. The sun was shining in the window and a bright geranium in the window was drinking in the sunshine. Too bad the rooms were not sound proof. She might as well have been in the office, and again she was hearing voices. A man was talking to Uncle Lee. Marlow tried not to listen; she wasn't interested; and soon they would be out of all of this. Vaguely she wondered what might become of Mrs. Spurling's little grandson who had been paroled to Uncle Lee. Well that was not any of her concern. But she could not help hearing the man say, "Lee Gray, when they made you I think they threw the mold away." She heard a hearty laugh—Uncle Lee's laugh, "And a mighty good thing they did, I'd say."

"Well that's all right with us as long as there is one like you and you see—when that alfalfa crop of

point out broad fields, remunerative fields, fields that would yield ease, luxury, and even fame. She told herself she was not selfish. She was not thinking of self. Naturally if Uncle Lee made more money it would be nice for her, but Uncle Lee had provided pretty well for Marlow. She'd had a lovely room—at least it was the envy of all of the girls in Enid. She'd had nice clothes—nice for Enid—and she'd had violin lessons. While her mind had been tossing in the labyrinths of retrospect her feet had been carrying her up the creaky splintered steps that led to Uncle Lee's office and their apartment.

The glass door panel still pictured a frosty white maiden half-heartedly feeding frosty swans, and below was painted LEE M. GRAY—LAWYER.

She opened the door of the reception room. There was the old roll-top desk piled with papers. Above

mine is ready I'll have the money for you."

"Sure you will John; I'm not worried about the money. I'm glad that your little kid is going to get well and that I was able to win his case. It was only right that the owner of that car should have paid for the doctor and hospital bill."

"Right, of course it was right, but what if they had got you as their lawyer? Where would we have been? You ain't so danged modest that you don't know you are rated the finest lawyer in the Southwest."

"Well now, John, I would not say that, but I just naturally like defense cases. I'm not very good at this prosecution, and when a man has his heart in a case he's pretty apt to win it."

"Yeah—defense—that's what your whole life here in Enid has been; defending—defending all of us. I remember when you saved that poor widow's farm for her. I remember when you got poor old Grandma Begg's her pension so she could hold her head up and be somebody and

kinda independent. I remember how you understood that Spurling kid and I'll give you dollars to doughnuts that you bring him out of all of that meanness. And I remember how you helped us to get our little boy cured. That kid's had the best doctors in the country. Thanks to you, Lee, my little boy will walk and run like other kids. I know we all lean on you too much here; we don't pay you what you're worth, but Lee we all appreciate it, and more'n that, we appreciate you. There ain't a family in the town, nor in the country either for that matter, that don't owe you something. Lord, if I could only help one tenth the people you have helped I'd feel like something."

The words were falling deep in Marlow's brain—depending, leaning, helping. She wondered how many people leaned and depended upon Mr. Hiatt. Funny hurting little tears were coming to Marlow's eyes. It took a stranger, someone who was not even related to Uncle Lee, to point out just how much of

a success he was; and here she, the closest person in all the world to him, hadn't known. After the man had left she knew that Uncle Lee would come to the door to awaken her. She must pretend that she was asleep, sound asleep, and that she had not heard what the man had said. Uncle Lee must know, must believe that without any one's help she had discovered that he was a success, that the men and women in Enid would gladly have put down their coats to have made soft napped carpets on which he might walk, that they furnished his office with appreciation and gratitude and love, and that silver trophies, living men and women, attested to his success. Maybe if she talked to him about the Spurling boy and his future and about all of the people in Enid, maybe if she made him know how infinitely dear they had all grown to her he would forget that brain storm she had entertained the night before! Maybe—he was such an understanding person!



GOSPEL MOVIES

BY P.K.

SIMPLE SOLUTIONS



"What shall I do?"—St. Mark 10:17.

this was more than his courage, and even his virtue could bear even to think of, so "he went away sad." A certain bishop once remarked that he dreaded to think of the fate of the young man, which we shall learn on judgment day, for turning down such a wonderful offer.

Many a rift in the marriage tie begins just in this way. Husband and wife are at variance with each other in viewpoints and things willed—two stubborn mules pulling in opposite directions—and also with the expressed or implied will of God. The simple solution is to think and will as God would have one think and act. It means setting aside attachment to one's own way of thinking, and, consequently of acting, in order to attune one's life to God's Will and law. His Will is the same for each of His creatures. It does not change. It is a polar star by which we can always guide our life aright. If husband, wife, and children make God's Will the law of their daily life there will of necessity be unity and harmony in the family. This is the most treasured of all riches. To obtain it the truly wise do not go away sad but glad to make every lick count for eternity.

In a New Dress

Cyril Gaul, O.S.B.

AS I WRITE these lines I have before me several signatures of the revised New Testament—our English Bible in its “New Dress.” During the past weeks, you have all been reading about the important work of the Catholic scholars of the United States. Before this article comes to you, the “Confraternity Edition of the Revised New Testament” will be off the press. Here’s hoping that the readers of *THE GRAIL* will be among the first to procure copies—and, better still, will be very faithful and perseveringly zealous in reading the sacred pages of the Inspired Writings.

But we are anticipating. In our previous story of the Bible we learned that the Old Testament had been written in Hebrew (with the exception of a few minor portions) and the New Testament, in Greek. St. Jerome’s Latin version of the Bible gradually came into general use and the Council of Trent, in the sixteenth century, designated this *Vulgate* text as the official text of the Catholic Church. In the course of time, as necessity demanded, our Douay-Rheims English Bible was published in 1587 and 1610. This English version was revised by Bishop Challoner about 1750. This is the *old dress* in which we have been reading the English Catholic Version of the Bible.

After 190 years we are to have a Revised New Testament. This revision has been the work of twenty-five Catholic Biblical scholars. The revision represents five years of zealous, painstaking labor on the part of expert scholarship. May 18 was the date set for the publication of this revised text, and the Bishops of the United States designated that day as Biblical Sunday.

For many years Catholic leaders, especially our Bishops, have felt the need of a modernized English translation of the Bible. Several attempts on the part of the individuals have been made, but the results have not been generally acceptable. With increasing demand for a more readable text, especially for Study Clubs and for the work of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, the Episcopal Committee on the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine (Archbishop McNicholas, Archbishop Murray, and Bishop O’Hara) requested the Catholic Biblical

scholars to undertake the revision of the New Testament. This work has now happily been completed, and considerable progress has been made on the revision of the Old Testament.

It will be of interest to review the procedure that has been followed in the work of revision. The Chairman of the Committee on the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, Most Reverend Edwin O’Hara, D.D., Bishop of Kansas City, held preliminary meetings with a number of priests engaged in the teaching of Scripture in the seminaries of the country. As a result of these meetings, a set of principles was drawn up to guide the revisors, so that a task performed by many might still result in a much-desired uniformity.

The twenty-seven books of the New Testament were then assigned to select Scripture scholars, for example, the Gospel according to St. Matthew, to Rev. Mark Kennedy, O.F.M., M.A., S.S.L., Washington, D.C.; the Gospel according to St. John, to Rev. (now Monsignor) William Newton, M.A., S.S.D., Cleveland, Ohio; the First Epistle to the Corinthians, to Rev. Edward Donzé, S.M., S.T.D., S.S.L., Washington, D. C. In all there are twenty members on the revision committee.

As each reviser completed his task, the work was submitted to a critic. Then it was painstakingly checked by the Editorial Board of eleven members (in the course of the work several members were added, including Scripture Scholars in England). The various critics and editors examined the revision from the viewpoint of an exact rendering of the original Latin text of St. Jerome, which is the Church’s official text, correct expression in the English of our time, consistent use of recurring words or phrases, and similar points. If space permitted, it would be an interesting story to trace in detail the successive steps of one of the books of the New Testament as it travelled from revisor to critic, and then to the members of the Editorial Board, repeatedly going through the same hands in an effort to obtain results as near perfection as is humanly possible.

After five years of persevering labor, involving, it is estimated, 125,000 man hours of work, the completely revised New Testament was turned over

to the Episcopal Committee on the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine about six months ago. The huge task of distributing the Confraternity Edition of the Revised New Testament has been placed in the hands of the Holy Name Society. They have set up a National New Testament Committee, with headquarters at 141 East 65th Street, New York City. If there is no local organization of distribution, individuals may send their order to that address. Within ninety days of the first publication, May 18, this National Committee plans to distribute 2,500,000 copies. Double that number and many more, should find their way into Catholic homes within the coming year.

Much praise has been given to this work of revision by literary critics who have carefully examined the manuscripts of the revisors. In style and diction, it is unanimously recognized, the new text is a great improvement. The method of printing—in paragraphs instead of in verses as we are accustomed to see the text in our Bibles—with one column to a page, not two as heretofore, makes the reading much easier. To list a few of the changes will help our readers to appreciate the general character of the revision. To this list is added the text, old and revised of the Gospel for the Fourth Sunday after Easter, in parallel columns.

New Text

In his right mind
What does it profit a man
I am hard pressed
I have this against you
Keep you out of trouble
Two hundred seventy-six

Consciousness of God

To steal

Girl

Food

A paralytic

But this I say by way of confession

Do not deprive one another

I make mention of you

I have often intended to come to see you

By faith Henoch was taken up

Remember those who are in bonds

Training at the oars

Power of Herod

Crowned all this by shutting up

John in prison

Come without delay

Have been hard of hearing

Utterly amazed

Mark 5:15

Luke 9:25

Phil. 1:7

Apoc. 2:4

Matthew 28:14

Acts 27:27

1 Pet. 2:19

John 10:10

Matthew 14:12

Matthew 14:15

Acts 9:33

1 Cor. 7:6

1 Cor. 1:8

Rom. 1:9

Rom. 1:13

Heb. 11:5

Heb. 13:3

Mark 6:48

Acts 12:11

Luke 3:30

Acts 9:38

Acts 28:27

Mark 5:42

Old Text

Well in his wits

What is a man advantaged

I am straitened

I have somewhat against you

Secure you

Two hundred three score and sixteen

Conscience towards God

For to steal

Damsel

Victuals

Ill of the palsy

But I speak this by indulgence

Defraud not one another

I make a commemoration of you

I have often purposed to come unto you

By faith Henoch was translated

Remember those that are in bands

Laboring and rowing

Hand of Herod

Added this also above all, and shut up John in prison

Not be slack to come

Have heard heavily

Amazed with great amazement

It will be helpful to illustrate the changes in a longer passage. For this we select the Gospel for the Fourth Sunday after Easter. The words of the New Text in *Italics* represent the changes in this passage.

New Text

John 16:5-14

Old Text

"And now I am going to him who sent me, and no one of you asks me, 'Where art thou going?' But because I have spoken to you these things, *sadness has filled your heart. But I speak the truth to you; it is expedient for you that I depart.* For if I do not go, the Advocate will not come to you; but if I go, I will send him to you. And when he has come he will *convict* the world of sin, because they do not believe in me; of justice, because I go to the Father, and you will see me no more; and of judgment, because the prince of this world has already been judged.

"Many things yet I have to say to you, but you cannot bear them now. But when he, the Spirit of truth, has come, he will teach you all the truth. For he will not speak on his own authority, but whatever he will hear he will speak, and the things that are to come he will declare to you. He will glorify me, because he will receive of what is mine and declare it to you."

And now I go to him that sent me, and none of you asketh me: Whither goest thou?

But because I have spoken these things to you, sorrow hath filled your heart.

But I tell you the truth: it is expedient to you that I go; for if I go not, the Paraclete will not come to you: but if I go, I will send him to you.

And when he is come, he will convince the world of sin, and of justice, and of judgment.

Of sin; because they believed not in me.

And of justice: because I go to the Father; and you shall see me no longer.

And of judgment: because the prince of this world is already judged.

I have yet many things to say to you: but you cannot bear them now.

But when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will teach you all truth. For he shall not speak of himself; but what things soever he shall hear, he shall speak: and the things that are to come he shall shew you.

He shall glorify me; because he shall receive of mine, and shall shew it to you.

EUROPEAN ADVENTURE

By William B. McWatters

with

John J. O'Rourke and John J. Murray, Jr.

(Third of a Series)

WE WERE lost in the Balkans!

There was no other conclusion to be drawn from our predicament. After two days of cycling along the treacherous by-path Bulgarians pridefully call their National Highway, we had reached what should have been the half-way point on our journey from Varna on the Black Sea to Sofia, Bulgar capital.

My brother Tom had sped up alongside from his usual position in the rear of our two-motorcycle caravan, and shouted through the thick swirls of dust. He realized what I was beginning to notice. Darkness was quickly approaching, and we had not yet seen any of the landmarks indicated on our map. Far to our left, the low, rounded peaks of the mountains were extending shadowy fingers toward us, and the Danube was murmuring its evensong to our right. We shivered slightly in the cool of the Balkan evening.

"We probably made the wrong turn at that cross-road ten kilometers back," I suggested.

It could easily have happened. The patchwork main highway of dust and gravel was hardly the easiest thing in the world to distinguish, at best, and only a native knew which turn to make at the numerous cross-roads. Roadsigns were infrequent. We couldn't have read them, anyway; the Russian alphabet is used exclusively. Even Bulgarian travel guides are in Russian, and the first Russian books of any kind were written and published in this tiny Balkan kingdom.

We hoped we were heading for Yablanitz, some sixty kilometers from our starting-place. According to our map, it was the only town in the area large enough to support an inn. There are no youth hostels in the Balkans.

"If we turn to look for the main road now," Tom went on, reflectively, "we'll never get to Yablanitz tonight. Let's go on for a bit. If we're lucky we might come across a nice soft haystack somewhere."

There was nothing else to do. Two throttles eased forward and our motors leaped through the gathering dusk.

We were beginning to cast more than speculative glances around for our sheltered hay-pile, when signs of civilization suddenly appeared. A village! What luck! We screeched to a stop and consulted our map. Like jig-saw puzzlers we tried to orien-

tate ourselves: compasses and speedometers and watches complemented our poor little map a great deal. According to our calculations, the town should be Dobrodan, far off the main highway. We had certainly done a superior job of missing our way! But there was nothing to do now but attempt to obtain quarters for the night.

With motors roaring, we sped into the town. From experience, we pulled up in the village square, traditional business center in every European town. What a sensation we caused! Good dames stood open-mouthed in the act of lighting their ancient oil-lamps. Plodding peasants, homeward bound from the fields, came to a stand-still. Children clutched their mothers' skirts and jammed grimy fists into their mouths. Then, as on a common impulse, all hurried toward us.

Here was a thrill of thrills to these people, most of whom had never seen a motion picture, met an American or ridden in an automobile. Our motorcycles were magic carts drawn by invisible oxen. Excited little boys left the chattering crowd and ran from house to house spreading the news. In a very few minutes, the rest of the populace engulfed us. We went through the sign language of eating and sleeping. We lifted imaginary food to our mouth and chewed hopefully. We closed our eyes and put our heads on our hands. The children laughed happily. Their elders looked bewildered. They were too excited to understand.

Then we addressed them in every language we knew. Finally:

"Sprechen sie Deutsch?"

A bespectacled young man, a little more nicely dressed than the others, eased through the crowd. He knew very little German, but it was enough. He understood us.

"You must come to my house for tonight," he said. "There is no other place for you here. You





see, we are all very small and very poor."

He identified himself as the local school-teacher. When we told him we were American students travelling through Europe for educational purposes, he could not understand why we had come to such a little town. It would have been too severe a blow to Dobroda's civic pride to let him know we were there by accident, so we told him instead that we liked small towns much better than the great cities. That seemed to please him. At any rate, he laughed and agreed with us. Then, pointing out his house, he motioned us toward it. We kicked the starters.

The motors' explosions caused momentary pandemonium. Children and country elders fell back as if our "invisible oxen" had gone suddenly mad. But before we could start, the crowd closed in again. And through the narrow corridor it almost unconsciously formed stepped two little girls, hand in hand. Their braided blond tresses and long homespun skirts swirled easily behind them. With proud timidity, they approached and held out a pair of chubby hands. Held gently in each of them was a hastily gathered bouquet.

I have travelled over 40,000 miles and covered almost every country in Europe, but I have never been so profoundly moved. No visiting dignitary being handed the keys of a great American city could be more honored than we were by this simple, friendly gesture. It was a spontaneous act from the very hearts of these poor people who looked upon Americans as legendary creatures from a far-off Paradise. They watched us closely for our reactions. What we felt meant much to them.

When we exhibited, first our surprise, then our whole-hearted gratitude at a gift so symbolic of their national attitude, they beamed broadly, delighted at our appreciation. Encouraged, they pressed familiarly closer. How they wished we could talk to them!

At this point the schoolmaster interrupted nervously. It was growing late, he explained. His wife—. We hurried to his home, but the villagers

remained to stare after us and, no doubt, to discuss at length the day's events.

Our friend and his wife feted us royally. After dinner they insisted, over our protestations, upon giving us their bed for the night. Next morning they sped us on our way with a big breakfast under our belts and a day's supply of food in our packs, headed now back toward the Danube.

Deep in its sluggish heart, the Danube river holds the secret of the Balkans. For centuries, this storied stream has washed the feet of European history. Today more than ever it forms an important backdrop for a drama that may decide Europe's fate for the next decade—or the next century.

Down through Hungary it comes, twisting slightly to form a natural boundary between Yugoslavia and Rumania, turning again to separate Rumania from Bulgaria. "The Curse of the Danube" has followed these unfortunate lands, which have never seemed quite able to reach the place in world history their natural advantages indicate they should have. For the Danube is more than a generous provider of rich plateaus and valleys. In winter it often freezes solid. In spring, it overflows, inundating the land and leaving a moist, malaria-ridden valley for the summer.

There is a legend in Bulgaria's Maritsa uplands that the Danube brings some misfortune or some sadness to whoever beholds it. We had managed to avoid any ill-effects following our first sight of the river during our travels through Hungary. We had been inconvenienced and amused in Bucharest, when the Rumanian police hopelessly entangled traffic at the intersecion of *Calea Victoriei* and the wider boulevards, *Regina Elisabeta* and *Regele Carol I*, by installing traffic signals for the first time!

But surely, we thought, the Danube could bring more bad luck than that. It could. We had struck out from the last Rumanian town of Bazargic over a little-used road leading through the alluvial region of the Dobruja, where the Danube slips into the Black Sea. Night had almost fallen when we arrived at the Rumanian customs house.

"I hope we clear through the two customs before it's pitch dark," Tom said, as we dismounted. "I'd like to get to Sari-Giol tonight."

"That's only ten kilometers from the frontier," I answered, skeptically, "but I'm betting we don't make it."

How justified my pessimism was we discovered in a very few minutes. For some unexplained reason, the usually officious Rumanians were hasty—even careless—with their examinations. They almost pushed us through. But we struck a snag

in the Bulgarians. They eyed us suspiciously, probably because of the speed of the Rumanian search. We were ordered to untie everything from our motorcycles and submit it for a close examination. We fretted impatiently, glancing anxiously at the darekning skies. Finally, the officers were satisfied, and motioned us to tie up our baggage.

In the meantime, our passports and money had been taken up by another officer. We entered the customs house to retrieve them. The young officer behind the desk looked up unsmilingly. He flipped a sheaf of forms at us, and offered us a pen. Tom exploded.

"Say! You haven't done a thing with this stuff!"

"Why didn't you give us these when we were standing outside doing nothing!" I echoed.

"Because he was acting under orders;" boomed a voice in English from the inner office. A moment later the supercilious, gaudily-uniformed captain in charge of the tiny station stood framed in the doorway.

"When people cross at *this* frontier," he continued, "we must be sure."

With that he strode outside and, as if to emphasize the purity of his intentions, ordered his subordinates to undo our packs again. We were acting too suspiciously: he must see for himself that everything was in order! We followed him, shouting and gesturing and expostulating in our best Bulgarian sign language. He went calmly on with his work.

After two hours of wasted time, it was so dark we dared not continue. Tom decided on a stratagem.

"They delayed us," he whispered. "Let's make them put us up for the night."

It was worth a trial, at least. Boldly, we marched back into the headquarters, thrust open the captain's door and explained our demands. He smiled broadly.

"We must be careful on this border," he apologized. "Spies, you know. The very last person to come this way is now in prison. We saw through him."

"When was that?" I asked, sarcastically. "Last week?"

"No," the captain answered, in all seriousness, "Three weeks ago."

Tom turned the subject back to more urgent business. "How about a room for the night?"

"Of course!" the pompous little official replied. He shouted something in his native tongue, and two of the soldiers appeared as if by magic. With many smiles and bows, they led us to their quarters. The rest crowded around, became quite friendly and even offered to share their dinner with us. We were reluctant to accept any of their piti-

ful allotment of dry bread, cheese, and tomatoes, but they insisted. When the food had disappeared, they patted their stomachs, full as the proverbial ticks. As for us, it wasn't the first time we went to bed hungry.

When we asked for our rooms, they smiled proudly and led us to their "guest" room. Wearily, we dragged ourselves across the warped threshold, and slumped into the rickety chairs, our packs slipping to the floor. Tom finally scratched a match. As it flared, we jumped to our feet.

"Bugs!" Tom cried out. "Millions of 'em!"

"I wonder if they're poisonous," I shouted above the stamping of my own feet.

"What's the difference?" Tom snapped, snatching his pack and darting for the door. "No human being could sleep here anyhow!"

I shuddered as I followed him. The room was literally alive with the Bulgarian variety of "gray-back," or bedbug. With our packs for pillows, and borrowed overcoats for blankets, we slept fitfully in the hall, far enough removed from the "war zone" for some security, at least.

Through the rest of Bulgaria we motored without mishap, and then over the treacherous dirt roads of Turkey towards Istanbul. The largest road in Turkey today is no more than the rock-strewn back roads of American mountains: it is the projected International Highway, built mainly by women workers.

On this road, we somehow picked up a motorcycle police escort, who followed us right up to the walls of the old city. It happened one afternoon shortly after we had caught our first glimpse of the deep-blue Sea of Marmora. We were pounding along the road leading to Silivria and thence to the historic Dardanelles.

We stopped at a wayside village for petrol, and noticed a group of native soldiers refreshing themselves at a nearby spring. We strolled over and attempted to strike up a conversation. The soldiers turned their backs upon us. We shrugged, and approached their leader, a short, mustachioed officer who appeared to have half the gold braid in Turkey on his uniform. Politely, but definitely, he informed us in his clipped, broken English that his party was on official business and not in conversational mood.

After a few minutes, these aloof representatives of the Turkish military climbed into their huge military truck and rumbled off. Tom and I followed at a discreet distance. Suddenly, one of the trucks lurched off the main road and staggered across what seemed nothing but wilderness. I stopped my motor. Tom pulled up beside me.

"Shall we follow them?" I asked.

"Better not."

"Why?"

"I think I know where they're heading."

"Where?"

"One of the secret forts guarding the Dardanelles. That's why they wouldn't talk. Afraid we might find out something we shouldn't know."

"Let's get on then."

We kicked the starters, and started to roll forward. To our rear, an answering explosion sliced the sultry air. We had an escort! He made no attempt to catch us for questioning. Nor did he try to pass us. He had evidently been detailed to watch and see that we made no suspicious moves while near military points. We were careful not to.

Leisurely we swung along the Aegean Sea, heading towards Salonika, but aiming generally toward Rome and an audience with His Holiness. There are no more barren and desolate hills in the world than the hills of Greece. Even the prairie flowers and the hardy brush that grow in the wildest areas on the earth scorn this forsaken land, seeming to say that Nature must desert whom Nature's God has allowed to lose its loftiness. But even in the Golden Age of Greece, these lands were dry and lifeless, and the life of Ancient Greece was carried to her by sea from other lands. Today it is hardly less so.

But the spirit of Sparta still survives! It was in Greece that we almost became intricate parts of "an international incident" when we were stopped by alert Greek soldiers guarding a bridge far off the beaten path. They could not understand our explanations, and were apparently angered because we failed to understand theirs. It seemed that we had unwittingly been traversing a Class B military road! We were therefore spies! Only spies would be in those parts at so crucial a time.

In their zeal they ripped the packs from our motorbikes, exposed thousands of feet of undeveloped motion picture film, scattered our notes and papers broadside. The angrier we became, the more certain they were that we were guilty of espionage. Finally, after somewhat ungentle handling, we were carted off ignominiously to Salonika. There we identified ourselves to the officials as Americans. Hon. Ermond Gullion, United States Vice-Consul, secured our release and sent us on our way with a good-humored warning. Our "criminal" record is still, I am sure, on file with the Secretary of State's Foreign Office!

In Rome at last, we spent a delightful and inspiring half-hour with His Holiness. If we were profoundly moved by the tribute paid us in that little Bulgarian town a few weeks before, we were thrilled here. Words refused to come, and we

stared in mute appreciation at the glories of the Vatican as we filed slowly past the Swiss guards in their somehow solemn medieval costumes, so contrasted with the myriad uniforms we had seen in the months preceding. We looked back over our shoulders as we reached the gates, not as curious youth hostellers, but as humbled Catholics who had just left a sad man upon whose shoulders and heart rest the cares of a very sick world. And we murmured a prayer, both of us, that his gentleness and love of God could pour forth from the Vatican and halt the forces of evil, whose clawing hands we had seen on every side.

After Rome, there was little that could appease our gradually jading travel-fever. We had been away from home for almost two years and had missed little of the Europe of today and yesterday. Museums and cathedrals and architectural wonders filled our notebooks with glorious memories. We had always known something of the skeleton of these wonders. After all, they had been drummed into American school-children by countless teachers and countless texts for countless generations. We learned by seeing them, however, that no reproduction can do justice to the beauties Europe has stored up in her war-wrecked body.

But we had seen more than Europe's body. We had intimate knowledge of every corner of her troubled, swirling soul. We had travelled along back roads and poked into places no tourist guide admits exist. We had talked with the simple and the pompous, the kind and the over-bearing, the doomed and the conqueror-to-be. We had indeed seen Europe.

First, though, we crossed for a jaunt through Egypt and Palestine, then back for a first-hand inspection of the terrors civil war had brought to unhappy Spain. Bombed universities, shells of erudition, and barren fields hastened our motors to Lisbon where, without a backward glance, we boarded a steamer for New York.

France was crumbling. Britain's all-out effort was well under way. The German war-machine was rolling across Europe and the Russian bear was sitting back on his haunches seeking whom he might devour. Throughout every land we had visited, people who called themselves civilized were throwing off their civilization and, as if envious of Africa's title, were making of Europe the "Dark Continent."

Home now, from a muchly-fabled Europe, we hear much talk of patriotism and much thanksgiving for the gift of a free America. Let me say here and now that exactly twice as much of that kind would still be less than half enough. I know. I have seen the other side, and it is not a pretty picture.

Echoes from OUR ABBEY HALLS

April 7. After months of labor the work on the new Apostles' Chapel has been completed. This morning Father Abbot used it for the first time at the dedication services. The laborers who worked so faithfully in its construction were the first to attend Holy Mass offered there. Father Gualbert, the Junior Brothers, and the Oblates, assisted at the ceremonies of the dedication and the Mass that followed. Father Abbot also invited Monsignor Petrasch to be present at the services, since the chapel was just below his room and he had been unable to go to the Abbey Church for weeks; that first Mass in the new chapel was the last that the aged Monsignor attended before his death.

Father Abbot first blessed the chapel and the cloths for the twelve new altars. He then offered the first Mass—a "Missa Recitata"—at the altar of Saints Peter and Paul. On Tuesday morning, the next day, the Fathers of the Abbey began to use the chapel regularly. Each morning twenty-four Fathers offer Mass there.

Our new Mass chapel is outstanding for its simple, austere beauty and air of devotion. Though used for many practical needs in past years, the vaulted stone room seems best suited for its new dignity as Apostles' Chapel. It had some relation to the altars of our Abbey long before they were built within its walls. Formerly this same room served as wine cellar for the Abbey. The large wine press stood close to the place that the altar of Saints Peter and Paul now occupies. Where Father Abbot offered the first Mass, altar wine had been prepared for thousands of Holy Masses here at the Abbey in the past.

The chapel is very bright and colorful. Its walls are the soft brown of St. Meinrad sandstone from the Monte Cassino quarry. Large curtains of the same color

separate each altar and also break the monotony of the stone. Each altar is raised on a platform covered with bright blue linoleum. This shade stands out against the red concrete floor whose solid color is broken by a path of sandstone down the center. At the north end a life-size crucifix hangs on a background of a red velvet curtain. As one enters the chapel the crucifix demands instant attention. Its dominant position seems to explain the twelve altars that flank it on either side. A small section of the room has been curtained off at the south end to form a sacristy.

We are very happy that we can use the word "our" when speaking of the chapel. It represents the work of our Abbey artisans. Above each altar is a crucifix made here according to the famous Maria Laach model. Its dark iron color suggests a strong metal. The two candlesticks are of wrought iron, very sturdy and simple in design. From the carpenter shop of the Junior Brothers and the Oblates came the plain wooden altars, the platforms and the large missal stands. The sacristy, too, attests the skill of our young artists; its vestment racks and vesting table are the work of the Brothers and their Oblate assistants. Large missals, designed by the Monks of

Maria Laach, are receiving wonderful covers at the bindery of our Junior Brothers at the Abbey Press.

April 13. While the Abbey joined with Holy Church in chanting the "Alleluia" of another Easter, one of its family entered into the eternal Pasch. Our aged Monsignor Petrasch died early this morning. Though Monsignor was living with us as a guest, he had really become more like one of our family. His kindness, thoughtfulness of everyone and his edifying priestly life endeared him to all of us. Until his last illness Monsignor ate with us in the Abbey refectory; each morning he would be present for the Conventual Mass and again in the afternoon he attended Vespers. He often spent the recreation period in the evening with the Fathers.

Monsignor's life is linked with St. Meinrad's as far back as 1887. In the trying days following the great fire of that year, Albert Petrasch first came to the Seminary. He had just arrived as a young student from Germany and thus St. Meinrad's became his first home in America. Through the interest of Father Isidore Hobi, O.S.B., Rector of the Seminary, Albert Petrasch was accepted by the Bishop of Lincoln for his diocese. After completing the courses in



Philosophy and Theology in our Seminary, he received the Holy Priesthood and began work in the Diocese of Lincoln. That was the early period of development and growth for the Church in the West, and Father Petrasch faced all the hardships of a pioneer priest. Long journeys to the scattered missions, unending labors, poor living conditions, all made a heavy toll that still caused suffering in the final years of his life. The good Monsignor could trace many a pain to an accident and hardship of those early missionary trips. But the young priest shouldered his burdens with a fidelity that merited recognition. The Bishop advanced him to the responsible office of Vicar General of the Diocese, and Rome conferred the rank of Monsignor upon him with the title of Prothonotary Apostolic.

When advanced years and sickness made active priestly work impossible, Monsignor Petrasch returned to his Alma Mater. He accepted Father Abbot's invitation to make our Abbey his home. But his

time with us was rather short—only four years. Since Christmas the Monsignor's health declined noticeably. A trip to the hospital failed to check the rapid progress of disease. On Wednesday in Holy Week he became bedfast. From then until his death he rarely regained consciousness. During the long hours of the last vigil Fathers, Fraters, and Brothers constantly attended at his bedside to ease his pain and aid him by their prayers. The frequent visits of old and new monastic friends told that Monsignor Petrasch had won a place in the family life of the Abbey. Death came peacefully after days of hard struggle.

April 20. The "Liturgical Movement" makes new gains at St. Meinrad's. Its plea for a more active participation of the people in the Liturgy of the Church has received a new response in our Seminary. The student body is now chanting the Sunday Vespers alternately with the monks. The victorious tone of the Paschal "Alleluia"

responds impressively to the enthusiastic volume of the entire congregation. Now our Sunday Vespers remind one of the golden ages of the Liturgy when the Divine Office resounded fully from the pews of the congregation as well as from the choir stalls of the religious.

April 30. On the feast of his patronage, St. Joseph received new disciples into the ranks of his faithful Brothers. It is now three years since Brother Dennis Hickey, O.S.B., promised his service as a Benedictine. Today by Perpetual Vows he enlarged that three years' promise to a whole lifetime. Since entering the Monastery, Brother Dennis had been in charge of the poultry yard. The same day that Brother Dennis reached the goal of his monastic life, two young men began their first steps on the same path. Frank (Sylvester) Merkel (Celestine, Indiana) and William Miller (Omaha, Nebraska) received the Holy Habit and began their year's Novitiate. Father Abbot invested the Novices and received the Perpetual Vows at the Conventual High Mass.

FOR JUNIOR KNIGHTS

Wanted: Lion-Tamers

When St. Peter took up his pen there remained fresh in his mind his triple act of cowardice and denial. As far as he was concerned, it was a wild beast in the person of the servant, that confronted him in the court on the night of the Passion. The apostle might have called the devil a wild cat, a mad dog, or a fierce bear, but he was convinced that he was more than that. He chose to call him the king of wild beasts, the lion.

This lion is constantly prowling around. With stride he parades down the streets of the city, lurks behind the seats in the theatre, rides in the front seat of the car, and likes to lunge at his victim in the dark. During the summer, for some reason or other, there are bigger and better lions roaming about. Beware of the king of beasts.

Daniel was thrown into the lion's den but the jaws of the lions were paralyzed. The man who served God with fidelity, as it were by some magic power, robbed the lions temporarily of their native instinct. Strangely enough before sealing the stone to the den with his ring the king exclaimed to Daniel: "Thy God Whom thou always servest, He will deliver thee." Early the next morning the king rushed to the den feeling certain that Daniel lived in spite of the angry and hungry lions. He was reassured by the voice of Daniel: "My God hath sent his angel and hath shut up the mouth of the lions and they have not hurt me." How different it was when Daniel's accusers were thrown into the den. They were torn to bits before they hit the bottom of the pit. Instinctively the lions saw their meat. Can we imagine the "roaring lion" leaving his appetite unsatisfied when he eyes prey that is to his liking?

St. Peter suggests resistance by faith as successful lion taming. Faith, a preacher once said, sets up the stronger Lion of Judah against the roaring lion of the bottomless pit, that delivering Lion against the devouring lion. No university offers a specialized course in lion taming, but faith plus attachment to Christ make of it a fine art.

Gilbert Hess, O.S.B.

When You Visit

Julia W. Wolfe

THERE are so many lovely little talents lying around waiting to be used that it seems as if each one of us might be well supplied. There is the talent of making people feel at home, and the talent of making friends with old people and with children, and the talent of helping over the hard spots; there is also the gift of being the gracious guest.

There are many things a gracious guest will not do; she will not tell terrible tales, or dwell on her troubles and illnesses, or make the hostess feel the house is shabby.

The pleasant, helpful things a gracious guest will do make better thinking material. "Let me take charge of the dishes this morning," suggested one guest. "The other work you know best about, but I can take that off your hands."

Two aunts, who had brought up their sisters and brothers, and knew what a busy, full life it was, came to visit a niece one day when the children were tiny tots, keeping her hands full. After lunch, when they had settled down for a good talk, one of them said: "We brought our thimbles purposely, so bring out your big pile of mending for us to do." The niece blessed this old-fashioned way of visiting and helping.

In the list of gracious guests there is the one who gathers the children around her and keeps them quietly happy while mother is getting dinner or is otherwise busy. Blessed also is the guest who listens amiably to grandfather's tales of long, long ago, bringing pleasure to the older members of the family.

Even the suitcase of a guest who graces the home may be packed to bring pleasure. There are little surprises for the children, puzzle pictures or games, if nothing more expensive can be given. There may

be a new magazine or two for father, letters from a mutual friend to be read together, snapshots to be compared, and all kinds of little things that the guest and hostess can talk over, keeping in touch with the other's life.

Guests have different effects upon

the household. Some leave behind them the fragrance of lovely memories, others leave the gift of many happy hours of companionship. We may have this to remember and we may have the privilege of being a gracious guest when it is our turn to visit.

In Justice to Your Daughter

One of the most pathetic situations of married life is that of the young wife struggling with the problems of home-making for which she has no previous training. With only her enthusiasm to guide her she finds herself with the responsibilities of housekeeper, home-maker, and wife, with little knowledge of how to bear them.

In justice to her future a girl should be as carefully prepared for her duties as a boy is prepared for his future as a man, and a burden bearer. From the age of twelve, if not earlier, certain little home duties should be allotted to her as her share of the general responsibility, and she should not be permitted to shirk them. If her excuse is that she will be late for school, let her be late for school that one morning and point out to her that she plan her time the next morning so that she will not be late.

The work itself should be occasionally inspected and, if it is found to have fallen short of a reasonable standard of excellence, the fact that she has not done her best should be made clear to her in a sympathetic and motherly talk.

Few women have an adequate appreciation of the value of time, and some pains should be taken to teach it. Remain with your daughter during the performance of her duty for three or four consecutive mornings, where both of you can see the

clock, and make note of the time that she takes to do her work.

The first morning she will be full of enthusiasm and will hurry to see how quickly she can complete her task. The second morning some of the novelty will have worn off, and the task will appear more as a task. The third morning will afford the real test, for then the girl will know how much time the task needs and will clearly understand what her share of responsibility is.

She will then have learned two important lessons: that the day is divided into hours and minutes that move on, and are lost forever, some of which belong to play and others to work, and that she is not an idler in the home but is helping to keep it in order by doing her share of the work in the time that she gives to it every morning.

Of course, as the girl grows older her duties should be increased, although never to the point of being irksome, but always with the object of training her for a home of her own. The girl who has borne those small responsibilities from her early years will have formed the habit of sharing in the home making and will "feel lost" without it. She will assume larger duties naturally and cheerfully, and that in itself will be of great value to the mother who, as the years pass and the little girl grows up, will find many of her own cares assumed by a helpmate trained in her own methods.

The Gentleman Desires Peace

by QUENTIN MORROW PHILLIP

CHAPTER XI

AT BAXTER'S request the hospital staff barred every visitor and curiosity seeker from the seventh floor, denied admission even to his nurse. He asked for strict privacy with Irene, and it was arranged. The two exceptions which he would consider were Dr. Engelbrecht, who promised to be on hand at noon, and Father Hubert, the latter only in case he insisted on being given audience.

Medicine bottles, drugs, surgical instruments—none of these were in the room. He was not there to attempt a miracle on a physical body; he was there to test the persuasiveness of voice and feeling and how it might reach the mind which he believed was fully conscious. For an hour he sat silent, gazed mutely at the face that once enthralled crowds, the face that once laughed at the declamations of many suitors. It was pallid now, yet with a pallor that enhanced its esthetic contours. The *Sleeping Beauty*! That was the appellation the

morning newspapers were using. It was their manner of playing on the public's imagination, the public who had not forgotten the fairy tales of childhood. And, in truth, she was a sleeping beauty, a creature of loveliness who slept a sleep which could be without awakening.

He moved his chair closer to the bed, bent his head so low that his lips were but an inch or two away from her ear. While he spoke, while he said his monologue, he held her nerveless hands, hoped he would detect a change in her pulse.

"My dear," he uttered his words slowly, "I beg you, if you are in any way aware of my presence, to try hard to answer me. This is Paul, and I'm here beside you, and we're alone in a hospital room. People are giving you up for dead, and dead you appear; but this can't be death. You are asleep, perhaps afraid to awaken lest you find life as cruel as ever.

"Life is always cruel, my dear, cruel to those who dare to live it, who dare to follow their hearts. I know; I have lived a little. But, if it is cruel, we can always salvage a remnant of good from what it does to us; and we can tie its ends together so that it brings to us the comfort of the realization that there always exist larger affairs than our own narrow heartbreaks.

"I have caused you a bit of heartbreak, and it

hurt. And yet, though a soothing lie might offer you a want and an urge for the thrill of living, I would be obliged to repeat what I said, what I wrote. I never loved you, my dear. I don't love you now. I couldn't, and I can't. You never knew me, never knew how hollow I am inside, and you pursued a dream, a fancy born of your wishes. I know what those dreams can be. I, too, pursued one, once.

"Once, my dear, I had a want, and an urge, and a zest for living. I haven't them now. I have only a hope that someday I may find a little peace, a little respite from the fantasy that has crowded my years. If you were awake, and if you could see at this moment how they are avidly reading and discussing the story of my life, you would partly understand what I am saying. But I shall not tell it myself, and I shall not beg your pity when you need so much of pity for yourself.

"I ask you to believe that, while I can't and won't love you as a woman desires a man to love her, I would move heaven and earth, if I could, to restore you to your place among the living. You are young, very young, even though only a few years separate us, and life can hold for you many fine adventures if you will dare to live it again. It has not seared you like it has seared me; it has not left you hollow like I am hollow; and from it you can still squeeze many drops of happiness. And happiness, my dear, does not always lie in being loved, but in loving to serve others, in bringing them the sweets one can't cleave to one's own soul, the sweets for which one thirsts but cannot concoct for himself. And so it is—"

A gentle hand tapped his shoulder, stopped his monologue. He turned around, saw Father Hubert. The priest had heard every word.

"Paul, I suggest we go for a walk around the park," said Father Hubert, thoughtfully. "Eating one's heart out even in serving others can only disturb one's own soul. You're tired; you need to relax mentally and physically. Leave her for a few hours, or a day, then return—when you have quieted your own nerves, when you can keep your aches unspoken, when you can treat her as a woman who is ill and not—"

"She isn't ill," Baxter interrupted. "You don't understand her case as I understand it." He rose, smiled a feeble smile. "Yes, I guess a walk would help. I haven't had much sleep, and maybe that's why—oh well, what does it matter! I'll not rest until I get her out of this. I'll not let anybody say I failed to do everything humanly possible."

"You are doing that," said the priest. "But, re-

member, God's will be done. If He wants her to live, she will live."

"I'm afraid I'm losing faith," Baxter muttered. "I'm afraid we humans are always on our own. These events—Father, would they be His will?"

"They could be," replied the priest. "Every man has a purgatory here or hereafter—and God sometimes gives great sinners a very wide opportunity to suffer their temporal punishment this side of the grave. Your misfortunes, met and accepted in the right spirit, can earn you a substantial reward. Met with despair and with a lack of faith—well, you're not a fool, Paul. After all, our journey on this earth is a short one, and, if we have any vision whatever, we have to keep our eyes on eternity. I don't believe you're losing faith, my son. It's only that you're tired, depressed, and worried; hence your mind is throwing your perspective out of focus."

"Father, a man who has lived a life like mine," said Baxter, "must sometimes wonder if his mind can have perspective."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Father Hubert. "There's nothing fantastic about your life. It may be out of the ordinary in some respects, but it's not fantastic. Why, if it were such, then what about a few of the saints? By the standards of the world, some of them led very fantastic lives. The Little Povereello, for instance; Saint Augustine, the great Saint Paul, and others. Yet, theirs were not fantastic lives, though they were out of the ordinary. Now I certainly don't mean to compare you with saints, but I do mean to impress it upon your mind that you're a mortal man, and that you have a splendid chance to capitalize on your misfortunes; spiritually, of course. You have been a great sinner—but, then, don't ever lose sight of the fact that your baptism was absolute; and, too, there were many confessions since. However, for your bitter memories, assume that God may have permitted these events of the past few days to happen so that you would drain from them a full cup of sorrow and by the misery that is yours shorten a purgatory hereafter, or even obtain an unconditional right to immediate blessedness. God's will be done, Paul. The man who bows to it humbly is full of the wisdom of which the world knows little."

The doctor lowered his head, took off his glasses, rubbed a hand to his weary eyes. "So be it," he said gravely. "His will and none other, and may He have mercy on my soul."

At six o'clock that evening he awoke from a deep and refreshing sleep, a sleep on which Father Hubert had insisted. The priest, after walking

with him around the park across the street from the hospital, drove him home. There, with Toyo's help, he prevailed on him to go to bed and rest his tired body and nerves. And now he felt far better than he did that morning, felt he could return to the hospital with a keener mind and perhaps that same evening devise a means by which he could restore Irene to consciousness.

He dressed leisurely, shaved, spent considerable time in the bathroom. Finally he ambled into the kitchen where he expected Toyo would have a hot lunch waiting. He was hungry, inordinately so; his appetite seemed sharper than it had been for days. But Toyo was not alone to greet him at the table. Father Hubert was still present, sitting on a chair beside the kitchen sink, talking and watching the Japanese and the woman who assisted him. The woman was Martha, and she was at the stove, tending the cooking. At the sound of his step their animated conversation suddenly ceased.

Baxter advanced hesitantly, glanced at the nurse whom he had been avoiding since the newspapers revealed his past. For a brief moment it appeared he would go back to his room. But Martha sensed his thoughts, quickly crossed the kitchen and slipped a hand under his arm.

"You needn't be afraid of me," she said. She smiled. "I won't gobble you up."

"Thank you," he returned. "May I ask how it is you're here?"

"Oh, I just rang the bell, and Father let me in," she answered. "I had searched the city for you and—Paul, I was afraid you were running away from me." Tears sprang to her eyes. "Paul, it wasn't a secret to me. I heard it all years ago. They haven't printed a thing that was news." She smiled again. "See, I admire you as much as ever."

He stared at her, unbelieving. "You were told? You're joking."

"I'm not!" she exclaimed. "I wouldn't dare that sort of a joke."

"That's right, Paul, she wouldn't," said Toyo. "Donna Roselle told her about you a long time ago."

"Donna?" Baxter repeated the name.

"Yes, Donna told me," said the nurse. "You never guessed it, and I never betrayed it—but Donna and I have been close friends, chums for many years. When I started to work for you, she didn't tell me then she was your brother's widow, but later, when she saw—well, Paul, she just thought she should tell me. We were so much together, and she wanted me to really understand you so that I would never be shocked by any unexpected rumor. It was her hope I would stick with you through thick and thin, that I would—don't you see why you could never surprise me? I knew, and it didn't matter. And

what they're saying now, it means less. They can't throw mud on you when you've done such a swell job in redeeming yourself."

"God bless you," he muttered. "You're a grand person. I was afraid you'd hate me, accuse me of a cheap masquerade."

"As if I could, after these many years," she returned. "No, Paul, it wouldn't be possible. I wouldn't have stayed with you, I wouldn't have worked so hard if I didn't know what you were, if I didn't see for what you were striving." She forced another smile. "Come, sit down. I've usurped Toyo's role. I've made your supper—noodle soup, veal cutlets and—and—" Her composure fell. She moved away from him, went back to the stove. The emotions she tried to conceal were gaining the upper hand.

Father Hubert lifted his bulky frame from the spindle-legged chair on which he sat, nudged the doctor. "You can never say," he declared, "that you never had a friend who stood by you when you needed a friend most." He chuckled. "Come, let's try her cooking. And to help your appetite, I will be bold enough to add a surprise Miss Walska has been saving for you." He sobered, dropped the humorous notes in his manner. "Listen well, my son, and be thankful for her courage. She has been to your mother, talked to her, and she has arranged it that between you two the past be buried. Your mother is expecting you... tonight."

Baxter's features whitened. With faltering step he walked to the stove, compelled Martha to turn around and face him. Then, without uttering a word, he took hold of her hands and kissed them.

He knew Frances had quit his home that morning, had left a note stating she would not live with him, a note which enumerated her reasons why. However, he was unworried. He believed her absence would be short, that she had very little money on her person and that she would be obliged to return when it was gone. Perhaps sooner. There was every hope that common sense would straighten things in their true light to her, and she would yet beg forgiveness. He had been good to her, had given her as much as any father can give his daughter, her illegitimacy notwithstanding. He had raised her by himself since she was less than a year old, had always provided her with the best home and education he could afford, had denied her but few luxuries. In fact, he allowed her more than most fathers did allow their children, perhaps even had been too lenient. A stricter supervision might have deterred her from adventuring in love at her tender age.

No, he was not depressed when Martha spoke about his child. He had no more secrets he could keep or would care to keep from the nurse, not when she proved a loyalty in excess of his hopes. He unburdened himself freely while she drove him to his mother's home, spoke with a frankness that contrasted amazingly with his former reserve. It felt good to be wholesomely honest with her, so good that he forgot the newspapers were yet shrieking his story in headlines.

The evidence of the journalistic interest was highly apparent when they stopped before Sarah Baxter's home. Press cars were parked at the curb. Numerous reporters and syndicate writers were gathered on the front porch, seeking admission and an interview with the woman whose revelations caused a sensation. But they were unable to gain entrance. Burly policemen stationed at the door, assigned to that duty at the request of the old woman when she unexpectedly appealed to civic authorities, kept them on the outside, much to their displeasure.

Baxter determined to ignore them as he alighted from his car and ascended the porch stairs. Recognizing him, the gentlemen of the fourth estate swarmed around him, buttonholed him, so to speak, insisted on answers to their myriad questions. But he merely grinned at them, and a mirthless grin it was, while Martha, holding an impeccable silence, forced a path through the gathering and identified herself to the guardians at the door. She waited until the doctor could tear himself loose from those whose occupation it was to record news where news was made, and, when he finally reached her side, she had the policemen open the door.

Inside the home, they sauntered hesitantly to the large reception room. All was quiet, very quiet. Momentarily they thought the place was without occupants and they had disturbed a tomb. But at last they heard footsteps, and Baxter, though he had not heard them in years, instantly recognized them. Sarah Baxter emerged from an adjoining room, stopped at the threshold, looked at them, said nothing. They could see her fists were clenched tight, that the color was sapped from her cheeks, that she fought inwardly to check her rising emotions. But her eyes belied her calm, spoke so eloquent a plea that Baxter let his hat fall from his hands and walked toward her with a heavy but certain step.

"My dearest," he said gravely. "You are as lovely to behold as you were in my youth." While the words were yet on his lips, he saw her sway. Another moment, and she fell limp in his arms. He picked her up gently, pressed her to his bosom.

"My son, my son!" she moaned. "Why did it

have to be?" She wrapped her arms around him, brushed her face against his, kissed him with a fervor foreign to her for nearly two decades. "Paul, I'm so happy.... so happy.... so...." She wept unrestrained.

He carried her to a chair, sat her down, knelt beside her so that he could hold her hands while she tried to compose herself. "Mother," he said, "let us remember only that which we wish to remember and trust God will help us forget the rest." Saying that, he wiped her weeping eyes with a kerchief, nodded to Martha to go to another room and leave them alone.

A cablegram awaited him when he returned home. Toyo handed it to him when he doffed his overcoat and slumped to relax on the davenport. They were without visitors now, he and the Japanese, for Martha, after driving him back, went on to her own home. The hour was then about eleven at night; hence she was anxious to obtain rest and sleep and to prepare for the new ordeal the morrow would inevitably bring. Father Hubert, too, was gone; he departed for the retreat house at Mayslake shortly after the doctor and the nurse left to call on Sarah Baxter.

"I haven't opened it," said Toyo, "but something tells me this can't be good news. It arrived an hour ago and I—"

"Well, let's read it and see what it is," interrupted the doctor. He attempted a smirk. "Probably condolences from a far off sympathizer. Or another condemnation. We've had plenty of those wires today. A man never realizes how absolutely peculiar the human tribe is until he finds himself head deep in trouble and discovers how they praise him on one hand and damn him on the other. Here, sit down, let's read this together."

The message was a very lengthy one, a very expensive one for a cablegram. The top code lines showed it had been dispatched that afternoon from Copenhagen, Denmark. Baxter, as he read it, experienced a new chill running down his spine.

DEAR DOCTOR BAXTER—he followed the words slowly—FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS I SEARCHED EVERY CORNER OF EUROPE FOR RUPERT BRESLAU. STOP. I NEVER SUSPECTED HE WAS AN AMERICAN WHO WOULD RETURN TO HIS COUNTRY AFTER WHAT HE HAD DONE. STOP. YOUR STORY IS IN ALL THE PAPERS HERE AND ON THE RADIO AND I THANK GOD I HAVE FINALLY FOUND WHERE YOU ARE. STOP. I AM LEAVING ON THE S. S. GUSTAVSON AT MID-NIGHT TONIGHT AND I WILL BE IN NEW YORK NEXT WEDNESDAY. STOP. I WILL

BE IN CHICAGO NEXT THURSDAY. STOP. I CAN HARDLY WAIT UNTIL I SEE MY DAUGHTER AND I PRAY YOU WILL UNDERSTAND AND FORGIVE MY HORRIBLE MISTAKE. STOP. I HAVE MUCH TO EXPLAIN BUT YOU WILL HAVE TO BELIEVE I NEVER LIVED TOGETHER WITH THE MAN FOR WHOM I DESERTED YOU. STOP. NOW I KNOW I ALWAYS LOVED YOU. STOP. YOU WERE GONE WHEN I RETURNED TO BERLIN. STOP. I MEAN RUPERT BRESLAU WAS GONE. STOP. NOBODY TOLD ME YOU HAD CHANGED TO PAUL BAXTER AND ALL THESE YEARS I SEARCHED FOR SOMEONE WHO DID NOT EXIST. STOP. IT IS STRANGE LIVES WE HAVE LIVED APART. STOP. HOW IS MY CHILD? STOP. I HAVE SUFFERED AN AGONY EVERY DAY SINCE I DESERTED HER AND YOU AND I PLEAD YOU WILL NOT DO ANYTHING TO PREVENT ME FROM SEEING HER OR FROM SEEING YOU. STOP. I AM GRIEVED OVER YOUR MISFORTUNES AND YET I FEEL THEY WILL VANISH WHEN I COME TO YOU. STOP. GIVE FRANCES MY LOVE FOR ME AND BELIEVE I HAVE CHER-

ISHED YOUR MEMORY ALL THESE YEARS AND PRAYED FOR THE DAY WHEN I WOULD FIND YOU AND YOU WOULD TAKE ME BACK. STOP. GOD BLESS YOU AND PROTECT YOU UNTIL WE MEET.

MARLENE LODI.

"So the bad penny turns up at a time like this," muttered Toyo. "Remarkable luck you're having, my friend."

"Yes, isn't it, though?" Baxter crumpled the paper between his fingers. "Evidently she is not considering the intervening years, thinks we have separated yesterday, expects favor." He shook his head. "I wouldn't take her back, I wouldn't live with her again, not if it cost me every human dignity. She can see Frances, and I'll permit her to visit my home, but no more. No more, Toyo. A woman can make a fool of a man, and she can sear his soul, but he's damned if he lets her string his heart on a gibbet and pick on it at her own pleasure." He paused. "I can't stop her from coming here, but I can put an end to any queer notions she may be having—and I'm going to do that even if I have to forget I'm a gentleman."

(To be continued)

Advancement in Prison

Richard L. Skinner



THERE was a time, not so far in the past, when a man was sentenced to prison purely for punishment and by brute methods officials tried to force upon his consciousness that "Crime does not pay."

He was placed in a dark, dismal, unsanitary cell and left to his thoughts. If he rebelled, he was meted out punishment according to the seriousness of his offense. Little consideration was given to his well being and even less to his religious frame of mind. If the man served his term, society seemed content and gave little heed to the fact that he might one day be released to again be accorded the privileges of a free man. Not a care was given to the fact that years behind bars, brooding and

fretting by himself, would turn out but one kind of individual, a morbid, slinking personality, that could be likened to a rogue in the animal world; an outcast that could not mix with his fellowmen, a man that knew but one thing,—to bite before being bitten.

Then came a new regime, and schools of Religion were inaugurated along with other branches of learning, including educational facilities such as craftsmanship shops, wherein men could learn trades and fit themselves to fill practically any position in the outside world.

A catechism class became a part of the prison program. This was taught twice weekly by the Catholic Priest of the institution. A beautiful Chapel, with complete fixtures for Religious Services was built. At last, after many years, a workable solution came into being called "rehabilitation." Thoughts of punishment became passé. Officials looked at each new arrival with an eye to what good could be wrought from the particular case at hand. If a man showed any aptitude for a certain type of work, he was assisted to the utmost along that chosen line and many have been the accomplishments produced behind grim-appearing prison walls.

Men have made names for themselves in almost every field of endeavor. There have been master musicians, inventors, writers, mechanics, and many other craftsmen made through this new reclaiming of lost souls. Rehabilitation, reclaiming of men, or whatever it may be called, is certainly a success far in advance of any of the organizer's expectations.

It would be impossible to go into details in any number of the accomplishments that have been made, but one stands out to such an extent that it is well worth citing.

The accompanying photographs, picture an enshrined-group-crucifixion, built in miniature that took over four years of loving and painstaking effort to create.

The plans are original and authentic in detail throughout and the whole shrine was built to scale by an inmate desiring to familiarize himself with all the intricate details of Cathedral construction.

He did this that he might some time in the future, enter into a program of helping rebuild the war-torn areas across the ocean.

This finished work of art measures thirty-eight inches high, thirty inches wide and twenty-five inches deep. It has been presented to the Catholic Priest to do with as he sees fit. At the present time it is on display in his office where it has been seen and appreciated by thousands of visitors to the prison.

It is beautifully lacquered and rubbed to a mirror finish and shows in minute details all the different parts of the structure. With the exception of the tiny electric lights and shades, the entire shrine is made of wood, and all was hand carved.

Thousands of red cedar shingles cover the twelve angle roof, and blending into the roof is an octagon-shaped base which supports the dome and belfry.

Certainly this beautiful work of art depicts a new regime in penology, wherein a man is taught to think, create, and prepare himself for a future existence rather than to serve time.



God's Picks and Shovels

H. C. McGinnis

AMERICA is locked in a silent struggle between two ideologies. The election of 1940 was not so much a contest between political parties as it was a national choice between "rugged individualism" which had succeeded in concentrating the country's wealth into the hands of a few and a form of socialization which brings more and more under a strong, centralized control the various economic activities of the nation. Unfortunately, both sides in this struggle represent but two aspects of the same thing—the wrong interpretation of the relation of the State to the masses. There is little difference so far as the masses are concerned whether their inherent rights are denied to them by a small group of private individuals or are surrendered to an all-authoritative State. Both sides claim to adhere to the original concepts of the Founding Fathers, but those august gentlemen would faint dead away if they were to hear the words put into their mouths by the contestants as they seek for Constitutional justification of their positions.

The Founding Fathers established this nation in accordance with Thomist principles which clearly defined the duties, prerogatives, and the limitations in authority of the State and of the individual; principles from which the American people were soon led so far away without realizing it that they came to accept entirely contradictory principles as the American way of life.

During the first decade of the nineteenth century, the Founding Fathers' ideals ran into competition with the fallacious theories of the French Revolution as propounded by the Rousseau school of philosophy, men who believed the State should be as non-existent as possible and

tolerated only as a necessary evil to be dispensed with as soon as possible. Rousseau preached the progress of the strongest by any means possible, mostly by preying upon weaker members of the community, and that State interference in this plundering meant curtailment of individual liberties. In other words, every man was to develop a "rugged individualism," with no provisions made for the weak or helpless members of society. This Liberal policy, with its laissez-faire basis, is strangely similar to the Marxian theory, for Marxian doctrine tolerates the State only until the transition into absolute Socialism takes place.

THIS Liberal policy sounded good to early American "haves," for it gave them unrestricted use of their means to exploit a new continent's virgin riches. It also sounded good to the "have-nots," for it promised an opportunity to join the "haves." Since this policy led to large material gains—though nothing else—it became the nation's predominating economic theory and was adopted so whole-heartedly that it soon became customary that business owed no explanation for its actions to either the State or the public. Unfortunately the nation did not then realize that any fallacious theory ultimately ruins its followers; and the "have-nots" and the lower strata of the "haves" could not see that this theory of "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost" could work against them as well as for them.

At first this Liberal doctrine seemed the perfect answer, for middle period Americans were so happy as they plundered their weaker fellows without feeling responsible to anybody. Soon groups of business giants known as Big Business began

to emerge and before long those at the top had become so few that 2% of the people controlled 98% of the wealth. The "under-privileged masses" gained recognition as existing in the hands of the few who dictated the nation's economic life and the State's politics as well.

The system came to its logical and inevitable end in the Great Depression, at which time the under-privileged decided to make a change, clipping the wings of the ultra-privileged. Then came a political and economic philosophy which, in its finality, simply means the changing of masters. By a gradual process, power and centralization of wealth is being taken from the hands of Big Business and placed into the hands of the State which, in turn, becomes Big Business. So far as the individual is concerned, he is still denied the inherent rights due him and intended that he should have by the nation's Founding Fathers.

TODAY'S Americans haven't yet gotten over the shock of their erroneous discovery that the conceptions of justice as laid down by the Founding Fathers have failed to work. The fact is that the principles of the nation's Founders in regard to the relationship of the individual to the State and to his fellow men have not been followed for the past hundred and forty years. To correctly perceive the principles upon which the Founding Fathers based their conception of the American State, one must become a student of the Thomist teachings for, until the French Revolution with its teachings of Materialism, Thomist teachings were the foundation of the human progress from which early Americans drew their experience.

In thinking up an expression of the true American conception of the

relation of man to his fellow man, to the public of which he is a part, and to his God, I suddenly remembered an example I had learned in my early teens. It was one of many contained in a maze of stories about early settlers, hunters, trappers, and Indian fighters and were the parting lessons of a ninety year old grandfather to his grandchildren with whom I played. This old man had done his full duty by America, for he had raised twelve sons and four daughters and his grandchildren resembled the birth of a nation. This nonogenarian had conscientiously pounded the principles of true Americanism into his own children and was now giving his grandchildren a few licks before he died. He was illustrating what it is, despite our espousal of fallacious economic theories, that makes America the hope and light of every people when disaster falls; why it is, when floods and famine strike China or India or great catastrophes happen anywhere, it is always Americans who dash to the rescue.

Because we are the world's richest nation, some will say. No, that can't be the reason; for only a little more than a year ago I saw W.P.A. workers who supported large families on meagre earnings cheerfully shelling out nickels and dimes to help beleaguered Czechs and Poles. What is it then that make an American feel a brother to all the world, regardless of race, color, and creed? Perhaps the answer lies in this story told by the old grandfather, a story of his own grandfather—one of the men who planted the germs of America's Christian fellowship.

ONE day, in the 1760's, an English brig dropped anchor in the Hudson opposite the Jersey shore. Among the sailors was an Irish lad from County Clare. There would be a spell in port, for the outbound cargo wasn't ready. The unloading completed, this lad stood upon the brig's deck, eyeing thoughtfully the Jersey waterfront settlements. He could do with a bit of land, he could. He would go ashore for a spell and joust with the natives.

Yes, he would splinter a lance or two with them; perhaps, just perhaps, there would be some so foolhardy as to think they could lick him. He would drink some rum, too, and show these Jerseymen how a man holds his liquor. Perhaps his eyes would catch a flash of fire in the eyes of some colleen. For there would be colleens ashore. Not like the ones in County Clare, to be sure; but colleens, just the same. The town looked drab, he thought. It could stand a bit of touching up. A lot of red paint, artistically applied would help.

History considerably pulls the curtain on his adventures ashore but, so industriously did he apply himself to brightening up the port, he forgot all about the brig. When the good ship was ready to sail, her Irish sailor was nowhere to be found. When he did remember his ship, he arrived at the dock to find she had gone. So he decided that since the ship didn't wait for him, he wouldn't go with her.

Space prevents our traveling with this young man in his ever westward push over the Alleghenies to his final settlement in the trading post called Pittsburgh. Here we find him interested in the cause of Liberty and the rights of man, so that when the time came, he fought for them and then helped establish them. He had become a respected family man and was busy raising children in the American way of life. What he taught them can be best judged from one of his sons.

This son, whom we shall call Sam, was given the privilege, for services rendered the government, of claiming as his own a section of land in the wilderness to the west. Six hundred forty acres of virgin soil.

IT IS difficult for today's Americans to realize the poverty of early pioneers to the country west of Pittsburgh. Lugging their meagre belongings, families trekked through the wilderness, wringing from the forest their means of life. The better cabins had a window, entirely open in summer, covered with a hide in winter. Many cabins had no door, the opening being covered with a bearskin or two. A pot or

two was the kitchenware, a couple of logs on posts made a table. Another log, chipped flat on one side, made a bench and the larger chips were used for dishes. White bread was unknown, for wheat required large cleared spaces and farming equipment. Corn could be planted between tree stumps and tended easily. Corn bread, game, and fish formed the daily diet. Skins became clothes and moccasins; certain reeds when dried furnished the light. When game was scarce, families went hungry. Children died like flies, for conditions didn't favor reaching maturity. Mothers died young and half orphans became full orphans when the hazards of the forest or Indians removed the father. But the survivors hung on desperately, prizing their freedom and independence and loving the sweetness of the virgin land.

But Sam suffered nothing of this. He went ahead of his family and arranged the construction of a comfortable house with rooms and what, were then modern conveniences. He fenced off fields and built barns and sheds, causing his new neighbors to stare in wonderment at what was yet to come. Sam's arrival with his family resembled a caravan and turned out the countryside. Furniture! Cattle! Horses! Poultry! Everything! The settlers stared in amazement. A great man had come to live among them! The man was filthy rich!

Yes, Sam was heeled! America had been good to his father, that boisterous Irish sailor. America had been good to Sam. The virgin soil filled his barns with abundance and his stock was better fed than most settlers. Sam was rapidly adding to what he had, for prosperity had settled on his shoulders with a definite certainty. But Sam wasn't satisfied. He was a crude philosopher. As he surveyed his fields and woods, so recently held in common without benefit of legal papers by those children of Nature, the Indians, Sam couldn't help wondering who gave his government the authority to issue deeds to ground never before owned by man. He wondered if God had authorized

the men in the capital to remove this ground from common world ownership and give it to men like himself to have and to hold, to deny another the right to trespass, to govern its future title. He wondered how men had shared the earth when legal instruments of ownership were unknown. He wondered about this deed of his. How far down did he own? How far up?

Sam was a funny fellow. He wondered just why he should be born into the family he was, with wealth and security; and why the settlers living nearby had been born on the floor, their mothers having no beds to lie in. It didn't seem right in this land of justice and equality. But he wouldn't blame God; perhaps it was man's duty to make it right. Still, all people didn't think so. But he felt guilty holding the first deed to ground which only God had owned before. Perhaps he didn't understand things, he told himself; but that didn't excuse him for not being fair and just about it. He'd have to worry some more about that, for there must be an answer. There always was.

Sam finally decided that even if he couldn't lay his finger on the trouble, he could at least mitigate it. It would be foolish to give the land back to the government; some other man would only grab it. After all, the world did believe in property rights and he did, too; only he had always bought his property from someone who owned it. Never before had anything been removed from world ownership to be given to him alone.

FINALLY a solution came. He wouldn't take off his shoes and then try to kick down a stone wall. He must accept life as he found it. He had just misunderstood things. The deed was only to keep men from fighting over property lines. He didn't own the property; he was just trustee. He hadn't created any wealth; God created wealth. He was only God's pick and shovel. So God's wealth must be shared with God's people, those people who weren't as fortunate as he was but

who were equal before their Maker. Sam thought out a plan.

He set aside one-fourth of his acreage and tilled this one hundred sixty acres thoughtfully and carefully. He planted crops the poor settlers couldn't raise because they had no horses or equipment. Yes, that was why God had given him his earthly substance, so he could use it for the widows and orphans in the cabins where there were no husbands and fathers. In this new land of justice and equality, the strong were to help the weak. All men were brothers. Wasn't that what his father had always said?

Sam planted wheat to make white bread for the sick whose tender stomachs couldn't stand the coarse corn bread. He planted acres of corn; but man does not live on corn alone. The settlers were meat eaters, but the fatherless homes had no one to bring in the small game and venison. He must set aside some of his brood sows and raise meat. Year after year Sam planted grain and raised hogs on this quarter section he had set aside. Each Fall the poor of the neighborhood received the fruits of this land according to their needs. To some half a hog, to others a whole hog,

still others got two hogs. And corn and wheat accordingly. Sam also helped many of his poorer neighbors to set up farming for themselves.

Sam's increasing prosperity convinced him his plan was right. God was smiling upon him! He must teach his children that men are just God's picks and shovels in the creation of the world's wealth. They must teach it to their children! All men were equal in addition to being free; and the strong must help the weak, for all men were brothers. Some big brothers and some little brothers, but all brothers.

The struggling settlers thought Sam was a gift from Heaven. But Sam was just plain, simple Sam who never looked upon his gifts as charity. A very happy Sam because his conscience didn't bother him any longer; but still a very humble Sam who wondered why the rules of humanity weren't more explicit instead of making a man worry them out like he'd had to do.

Old Sam taught his children and they in turn taught their children. My narrator taught his children and they in turn were teaching theirs the doctrine of real Americanism. But Sam wasn't alone. Scattered all over the new born nation, men were working out the principles behind the establishment of this great democracy. But unfortunately, Rousseau's laissez-faire doctrines took hold of the majority before the Founding Fathers' ideas of justice would become generally understood. But many, like Sam, refused to accept the Materialism of the French Revolution and taught their children to keep the faith of their fathers. Today the descendants are a very important minority group, for they keep alive the seeds of the real American way of life. They are the ones who believe in the brotherhood of man, the equality of prince and pauper, the dignity of labor, the duty to charity, and other Christian teachings. When the majority of Americans return to the motivating principles of the Founding Fathers, our internal injustices will practically cease to exist; for this nation was constituted a Christian nation, not a monument to Materialism.





SOCIAL DOCTRINE IN ACTION

A Personal History

By John A. Ryan

THE STORY of Monsignor Ryan is the story of a life spent in the interests of the common man, a half century devoted to social justice. His early years were passed on a Minnesota farm. Life was plain and hard, education was limited to a few months in a country school, and reading material consisted of a few spiritual books, a religious magazine, a weekly, and the *Irish World*. Later he was sent to the Christian Brothers School in St. Paul and entered St. Thomas Seminary in the same city to study for the priesthood.

To the *Irish World* he gives credit for first directing his thoughts toward the agrarian problems of Ireland and the industrial situation of this country. This interest was cultivated under the influence of such men as Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Spalding, Cannon Barry, William S. Lilly, and Richard T. Ely. The desire and determination to study economic life in the light of Christian principles and to make them operative in the field of industry grew with each succeeding year in the Seminary. "It seemed to me that the salvation of millions of souls depended largely upon the economic opportunity to live decently, to live as proper human beings

made in the image and likeness of God." In his encyclical "On the Condition of Labor" Leo XIII says, "Every minister of Holy Religion must throw into the conflict all the energy of his mind and all the strength of his endurance." How well Monsignor Ryan has followed that mandate is proven by this modestly told record of the years since he began to teach and write. *A Living Wage*, his first book, was also the "first book in the English language to advocate a legally established, compulsory minimum wage sufficient for the decent maintenance of the worker's family as well as himself." His speeches and writings have been read in every part of the globe. His voice is heard as the voice of authority by labor leaders, educators, social workers, legislators, and economists.

In 1915 he began his work in the Catholic University at Washington and was retired from his long and distinguished career there on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, in May 1939. He still remains on the faculty of the National School of Social Service and is director of the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. Looking back he finds his hopes have been fulfilled as nearly as anyone could "have expected in this changing world."

Monsignor Ryan's book is a brilliant but easily readable review of the progress of social justice in our country during the past forty years, and it is the brave story of a

man who was courageous enough to fight for the masses when their cause was unpopular and new.

SAINT PATRICK

Apostle of Ireland

By Hugh De Blacam

"ACROSS fifteen centuries Patrick speaks to living men, and after so long, his cult is stronger than ever." From the pages of this new life story his personality stands out as distinctly and clearly as if it were only yesterday that the old Bishop took up his pen and wrote, "I am Patrick, a sinner, the most backward and least of all the faithful, and held by many in contempt," and so in his humility he wrote of his father's house and his captivity as a slave upon the lonely Island. But as he writes his heart is filled with gratitude and in the spirit of Our Lady's Magnificat he inscribes his praise: "I cannot conceal, nor is it indeed fitting, the great favors and the great grace which the Lord has deigned to bestow upon me in the land of my captivity; for this is the return we make, that after our chastening and after our recognition of God, we should exalt and proclaim His wondrous works under Heaven; for there is no other God."

Here is a picture of Ireland's apostle, human, mystical, courageous, and humble. In his desire to bring the peoples of his adopted land into the fold of Christ he had the fiery zeal of St. Paul, and

neither warrior kings nor Druid priests could withstand his quiet power, his spiritual strength. He brought proud chieftains and their subjects to the foot of the Cross; he planted Churches over all the Green Isle, and forged a chain of loyalty between Rome and Ireland "that has never been weakened." He promised that his converts should retain the Faith until the end of time, and this promise has been verified "through centuries of persecution."

Hugh De Blacam has long labored for the progress and growth of a new Ireland and with this fine study of her Great Apostle, he has contributed to her hagiography.

SURVIVAL TILL SEVENTEEN

By Leonard Feeney, S.J.

A GREAT audience of readers has come to know and love the poems and essays of Father Feeney. *Survival Till Seventeen* will increase his audience and endear them to him for he tells of his boyhood and gives us glimpses of his homelife and his family. In his truly inimitable manner he has caught once more the atmosphere of those boyhood days and made them personal to each of us. There was the moment when something "in my mind snapped and awoke. And for the first time, standing in a field at the age of six, in one wild rapturous act of reasoned reflection, I knew that I had a mother! I knew that she was young and beautiful, and was my own . . . I knew that she worked too hard. I knew that she hated to call through the open window and to make herself conspicuous for the open gossip of the street, for she had great pride. I also knew with a startling realization hitherto unappreciated, that we were poor. Pudding was only a piece of stale cake with sauce on it, yet this was to be my reward or my punishment. Pudding for the poor!" There was Wigglesworth the grocer who hated bananas but "treated me as though I were a man, and that was what I liked, and was the reason why I visited him wearing a laborer's overalls, and chewing a conversational straw."

His advice on a boy's education is practical and worthy of remembrance: "Up till fourteen a boy's imagination is as aimless as a butterfly, and it is best to let him browse through books as he pleases, rather than harness him with commands to read only what is important in literature. Up till fourteen a boy is too sensitive to be in charge of anyone save a woman. But at fourteen a boy's world changes. Henceforth he must set his face toward the life ahead with a military outlook and a soldier's reserve . . . There is a world for a woman and a world for man and you will confound the two at your peril."

You will know your own boy better and you will love all boys the more for having read the childhood memories of Father Feeney.

THE GRACE OF GUADALUPE

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

THE apparition of the Blessed Mother to Juan, the Mexican peasant, is familiar to most Catholics, but unless often reminded by word or picture we easily forget. Frances Parkinson Keyes continuing her study of holy places and the lives of those chosen as particular instruments for divine glory, traveled to Mexico to renew the ancient story of the Virgin of Guadalupe. She goes farther and gives sketches and excellent prints of the Basilica, the miraculous picture, and the principals that figured in the story.

It is rather astonishing to learn that of all the books written about our Blessed Mother and her shrines *The Grace of Guadalupe* is only the second one written in English about the Patroness of "All the Americas." If you have read *Written in Heaven* and *The Sublime Shepherdess* it will not be necessary to tell you that the story is well-written, interesting, reverent, and informative. In fact this reviewer found the plain, narrative style even more pleasing than her life of Bernadette.

Juan Diego was a poor Aztec Indian who lived alone in a little Mexican village. He was the poorest of the poor. His straw thatched

hut and patched garments bespoke his poverty. But he was rich in Faith, for he and his wife, Maria Lucia, were among the first converts of the Spanish Franciscan Friars. Soon Maria Lucia died and the years were hard and lonely. One joy was his. He made frequent journeys over the hills to "worship God and pay tribute to the Queen of Heaven." It was on one of these periodic trips that our Blessed Lady first appeared to Juan. Mrs. Keyes gives the entire story of the apparitions of the Blessed Mother, the agonized efforts of Juan before the Archbishop, and finally the story of the roses, from the original translation of Valerino. The latter lived at the same time as Juan Diego. He was a scholar and pupil of the Spanish Fathers. It is possible that Valerino had the story direct from Juan's own lips and so preserved the true facts of the vision for the future.

The original picture of our Lady of Guadalupe still stands in the great Basilica of the same name in Mexico City. Replicas have been crowned in Rome, in Spain, in Jerusalem, Argentine and finally, in 1937, in Los Angeles, California. It was at this time that the title, endorsed by Pius XI—"Queen of All the Americas"—was first used. "Since that time men dwelling within the United States have shared with their fellow Americans, dwelling south of the border, the privilege of hailing the Great Lady of Guadalupe as their own." She has drawn the scattered peoples of Mexico together by the common tie of motherhood, devotion, and patronage, and she may now prove the unifying force between the peoples of the Western Hemisphere. For this force must find its foundation in "faith vital, shared and consecrated." Truly this is a timely book.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

By Gunnar Gunnarson

IN THE confusion of thought and literary chaos come a gentle, little book with such a title as *The Good Shepherd*. Its author is a native of Iceland, and his theme is placed amid the snow covered mountainous regions of the little island.

Writing with classic simplicity and "austerity," he tells of a people unknown to most of us, a plain religious people who live by farming and fishing.

The subject of *The Good Shepherd* is an ordinary farmhand Benedict and his two inseparable companions, Leo the shepherd dog, and Gnarly the weather. Each advent Benedict journeys to the mountains to rescue the stray sheep that may have wandered from their flocks and become lost in the winter storms and snows. In this story Benedict takes his twenty-seventh Advent Journey. From the beginning the trip appears to be hazardous. Storm clouds portend danger in the lonely mountain stretches. But nothing could deter Benedict. "His aim was to find the lost sheep to bring them, safe and sound under shelter, before the great festival (Christmas) should spread its benediction over the earth and bring peace and satisfaction in the hearts of men who have done their best."

There were times in this lonely, terrible struggle through the wind and the blinding beating snow that the earth became so hostile that it seemed to close its doors entirely. But Benedict found a way. "That is the task laid upon man—to find a way, and that is perhaps the only task laid upon him—never to give up, to kick against the pricks no matter how sharp they may be. Even against the prick of death until it forces its way in and strikes the heart. That is the duty of man." This is a book that gives you a clean, happy feeling that little things count, that life is best when spent in service, be it ever so humble.

FOLLOWING THE MASS

By Monsignor John F. Glavin

This handy little Missal contains the proper of the Mass for all Sundays and principal feasts of the year as well as an explanation of the Ordinary of the Mass illustrated with original drawings. The fact that there have been four printings of this missal, bringing the total number of books to 910,000 should be advertisement enough of the con-

venience and value of this little book. All the fifteen prefaces are given, the Mass for Corpus Christi, the Mass for the feast of the Sacred Heart, the Funeral Mass, Nuptial Mass and the Marriage service, leaving very little that most laymen would ever have occasion to use in a Missal. (Published by Edward O'Toole Company, New York. No price is given.)

CATHOLIC EXTREMISM

By Father Paul Hanly Furfey

Since this pamphlet first appeared in 1937, it has been translated into French, Spanish, and Dutch, and the demand for it has increased in direct ratio with the turbulence of world conditions. The pamphlet, which sells for 10¢, is available in pamphlet racks in Catholic churches, or it may be had directly from the Preservation Press, Holy Trinity Heights, Silver Spring, Maryland.

OUR FORGOTTEN GUEST

By a Sister of Charity of Providence

Here is a small manual of devotions to the Holy Ghost, containing twenty chapters of spiritual reading on the Holy Ghost, the Gifts of the Holy Ghost, and Devotion to the Holy Ghost. There are also numerous prayers and devotions in the little book, which can be ordered directly from Sister Kevin, Providence Hospital, Everett, Washington, at 25¢ per copy, or five copies for one dollar.

MARRIAGE IN CHRIST

By Father Richard E. Power

During the past years *Marriage in Christ* has proved its popularity; in the fourth edition it makes its bow in a new dress. The pamphlet as a whole makes a very pleasing impression—as something worthy to be used at the solemn ceremony of Christian marriage. But already before the wedding day brides and bridegrooms ought to study it in order to discover the Church's mind with regard to this "great Sacrament" as shown forth in the marriage rite. It is also to be recommended (a practice which is happily spreading) that they distribute a number of copies to their relatives

and friends who attend the marriage. Despite the many improvements in *Marriage in Christ*, the price has not been changed. Single copies ten cents. Discount in lots. Order from The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn.

RETREAT NOTES

By Rev. Dr. L. Rumble, M.S.C.

Retreat Notes is a retreat preached to the priests of the Marquette Diocese by the famed convert, Reverend Doctor Rumble. The numerous requests from the retreatants for copies of these conferences encouraged the author to put them into circulation. Price \$1.00. Order from "Rumble and Carty," St. Paul, Minnesota.

FRANK YOUTH QUIZZES ON SEX

Fifty-five questions on "Necking," "Sex Education," "Courtship," etc., are frankly put and honestly answered. This is a pamphlet selling for ten cents and can be ordered from "Rumble and Carty," St. Paul, Minn.

MY FIRST COMMUNION

By the Most Reverend Louis La Ravoire Morrow, D.D.

This booklet consists of instructions for very young children simply explained and attractively illustrated in colors. It is a compendium of the catechism and contains a supplement of Communion prayers. It has over 100 pages well printed. Price 15¢. Order from Edward O'Toole Co., 65 Barclay st. New York, N. Y.

THIS MONTH'S BOOKSHELF

Social Doctrine in Action, by John a Ryan. Published by Harper & Brothers. Price \$3.00.

Saint Patrick, by Hugh De Blacam. Published by Bruce. Price \$2.25.

Survival Till Seventeen, by Leonard J. Feeney, S.J. Published by Sheed & Ward. Price \$1.50.

The Grace of Guadalupe, by Frances Parkinson Keyes. Published by Julian Messner. Price \$2.00.

The Good Shepherd, by Gunnar Gunnarson. Published by Bobbs-Merrill. Price \$1.50.

Meditorials

Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

Some are men of rugged virtues, others of refined vices. To the ignorant and the unwise the gem in the rough is *not* preferred to the imitation stone in its shining but cheap setting.

The lie of convenience is still a lie and reveals a defect in the character of those who tell them.

God needs men in His service. That is why Christ called the Apostles, to enlist them in the service of God. Serve God in whatever state of life you are, and foster vocations in others.

Do your work daily in the garden of good works. Its vegetables are useful, its flowers beautiful, and its weeds ugly. The vegetables and flowers are the result of daily good work; the weeds the effects of neglect. And surely there is no man so foolish as to plant weeds, bad works.

Adolescence is a disease of the young; age and experience is the only remedy, for advice is almost always spurned.

Wit is a sauce, and only fools make a meal of it.

Those who buy contraceptives and other birth-control articles are buying Hell for themselves with their own money.

Those who do not really love God, but rattle off prayers in public so as to give others a good impression of themselves as did the Pharisees, might as well be as pious parrots prating on their perch.

Let snakes-in-the-grass ponder the words of our Lord that we should be as prudent as serpents, but not be serpents.

The world pivots on the triple orbit of love, hatred, and money.

Heaven is happiness. It is not having a gigantic wing-spread; nor a box seat on pink and blue clouds; nor the eternal playing of a musical instrument.

The sheep that was lost did not stay with the flock, but departed from it onto ways of its own choosing. It is the goodness of the Good Shepherd that is called to our attention, not the self-will of the Lost Sheep.

The cock-of-the-walk is not more than a weather-cock if he is not a man of principle.

As you make your coffin, so must you lie in it. Some make theirs of roses, but when it comes time for them to use it, the roses have withered and there remains only the thorns.

We should regard the explosions of temper of those around us as the unmusical notes of human calliopes out of tune—just letting off steam.

Love is blind, but so is hatred. This is the mote that obscures the vision of your judgment regarding your love of yourself and of your friends; and this is the mote that prejudices you against your enemies.

When you find one of the problems of life seemingly insoluble, ask yourself this question: What is evidently the Will of God in this matter? It may not be the solution that your human nature would suggest, but it is the true one.

Many seek to know God and the way of salvation and yet neglect one of the most important sources of information, the Sacred Scripture. The reading of the New Testament instills not only knowledge but also love of God. Who can read the parable of "The Prodigal Son" with a cold heart? Or that of "The Good Shepherd" and still not love God?

Try to realize that supernatural merits are *real* and that they are acquired *now*. One's merits determine one's eternal reward. To reject occasions of earning merits as they come along in daily life is foolish; and to seek the occasions is wisdom. Helping others, little mortifications of self-will, overcoming whims and dislikes are opportunities that present themselves every day.

Are You Moving?

My old address —

..... Street
..... City..... State

My new address is, or will be

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..... City..... State

Signed.....

If you are moving, or have moved, do not fail to fill in and mail this notice to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana

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